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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Date of the earliest known edition, ... 1601

(*B.M.* C. 34, b. 18.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition of 1601, *now in the British Museum. The play was reissued in* 1616 *and again in* 1618.

Mr. Simpson thought it to be in the main written by Marston, and that it was one of a series of plays relating to the quarrel between Jonson and Marston and Dekker. Planet is by some supposed to be meant for Shakespeare.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile reprint with the original copy, again reports that the reproduction is of the same high quality that is characteristic of these facsimiles.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Iacke Drums Enter=tainment:

OR

THE COMEDIE

Of Paſquill *and* Katherine.

As it hath bene ſundry times plaide by the Children of Powles.

AT LONDON

Printed for Richard Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane. 1601.

IOHN DRVMS Entertainment, or the Comedie of *Paſquill* and *Katherine*.

The Introduction.

Enter the Tyer-man.

IN good faith Gentlemen, I thinke we ſhall be forced to giue you right Iohn Drums *entertainment, for hee that compoſde the Booke, we ſhould preſent, hath done vs very vehement wrong, he hath ſnatched it from vs, vpon the very inſtance of entrance, and with violence keepes the boyes from comming on the Stage. So God helpe me, if we wrong your delights, tis infinitly againſt our endeuours, vnles we ſhould make a tumult in the Tyring-houſe.*

Exit Tyer-man.

Enter one of the Children.

You much miſtake his Action Tyer-man,
His violence proceeds not from a minde
That grudgeth pleaſure to this generous preſence,
But doth proteſt all due reſpect and loue
Vnto this choiſe ſelected influence.
He vowes, if he could draw the muſick frō the Spheares

To entertaine this preſence with delight,
Or could diſtill the quinteſſence of heauen
In rare compoſed Sceanes, and ſprinkle them
Among your eares, his induſtry ſhould ſweat
To ſweeten your delights: but he was loth,
Wanting a Prologue, & our ſelues not perfect,
To ruſh vpon your eyes without reſpect:
Yet if youle pardon his defects and ours,
Heele giue vs paſſage, & you pleaſing ſceanes,
And vowes not to torment your liſtning eares
With mouldy fopperies of ſtale Poetry,
Vnpoſſible drie muſtie Fictions:
And for our parts to gratifie your fauour,
Weele ſtudie till our cheekes looke wan with care,
That you our pleaſures, we your loues may ſhare.

Exit.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Iacke Drum, *and* Timothy Twedle, *with a Taber and a Pipe.*

Drum. Come *Timothy Twedle*, tickle thy Pipe on the greene, as I haue tipled the Pot in the Seller, and the hey for the honor of High-gate, you old Troian.

Twedle. And a heigh for the honor of Hygate, Hem, by my holydam, tho I ſay it, that ſhuld not ſay it, I think I am as perfect in my Pipe, as Officers in poling, Courtiers in flattery, or wenches in falling: Why looke you *Iacke Drum*, tis euen as naturall to me, as brawdry to a Somner, knauery to a Promoter, or damnation to an Vſurer. But is *Holloway* Morice prancing vp the hill?

Drum. I, I; and Sir *Edward*, and the yeallow toothd, ſunck-eyde, gowtie ſhankt Vſurer *Maman*, my young Miſtreſſes

Miſtreſſes and all are comming to the greene, lay Cuſhions, lay the Cuſhions, ha the wenches!

Twed. The wenches, ha, when I was a yong man and could tickle the Minikin, and made them crie thankes ſweete *Timothy*, I had the beſt ſtroke, the ſweeteſt touch, but now (I may ſigh to ſay it) I am falne from the Fidle and betooke me to thee. *He plaies on his Pipe.*

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, M. Mamon, Camelia, Katherine, and Winifride, Camelias maide.

Sir Ed. Sit M. *Mamon*, ha heeres a goodly day nigh.

Mam. I thank you Sir, and faith what newes at court?

Sir Ed. What newes at court? ha, ha, now Ieſu God,
Fetch me ſome *Burdeux* wine, what newes at court?
Reprobate faſhion, when each ragged clowt,
Each Coblers ſpawne, and yeaſtie bowzing bench,
Reekes in the face of ſacred maieſtie
His ſtinking breath of cenſure, Out-vpont, *He drinkes.*
Why by this *Burdeux* iuice, tis now become
The ſhewing-horne of Bezelers diſcourſe,
The common foode of prate: what newes at court?
But in theſe ſtiffe nekt times when euery Iade
Huffes his vpreared creſt, the zealous bent
Of Councellors ſolide cares is trampled on
By euery hacknies heeles: Oh I could burſt
At the coniectures feares, preuentions,
And reſtles tumbling of our toſſed braines:
Ye ſhall haue me an emptie caske thats furd
With nought but barmy froath, that nere traueld
Beyond the confines of his Miſtreſſe lippes,
Diſcourſe as confident of peace with *Spaine*,
As if the *Genius* of quick *Machiauel*

Vſherd his ſpeech.

Mam. Oh forbeare, you are too ſharpe with me.

S. Ed. Nay M. *Mamon*, miſinterpret not,
I onely burne the bauen heath of youth,
That cannot court the preſence of faire time
With ought but with, what newes at Court ſweete ſir?
I had rather that *Kemps* Morice were their chat,
For of fooliſh actions, may be theyle talke wiſely, but of
Wiſe intendments, moſt part talke like fooles.
The ſumme is this, beare onely this good thought,
The Counſell-chamber is the Phœnix neſt,
Who waſtes it ſelfe, to giue vs peace and reſt.

The Taber and Pipe ſtrike vp a Morrice.

A ſhoute within.

A Lord, a Lord, a Lord, who!

Ed. Oh a Morice is come, obſerue our country ſport,
Tis Whitſon-tyde, and we muſt frolick it.

Enter the Morrice.

The Song.

Skip it, & trip it, nimbly, nimbly, tickle it, tickle it, luſtily,
Strike vp the Taber, for the wenches fauor, tickle it, tickle it, luſtily:
Let vs be ſeene, on Hygate *Greene, to daunce for the honour of* Holloway.
Since we are come hither, lets ſpare for no leather,
To daunce for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Wel ſaid my boyes, I muſt haue my Lords liuory, what iſt, a May-pole? troth twere a good body for a courtiers imprezza, if it had but this life, *Fruſtra floreſcit.* Hold Couzen hold. *He giues the Foole money.*

Foole.

Foole. Thankes Couzen, when the Lord my Fathers *Audit* comes, weel repay you again. Your beneuolence too ſir.

Mam. What a Lords ſonne become a begger?

Foole. Why not, when beggers are become Lordes ſonnes, come tis but a ſmall trifle.

Mam. Oh ſir, many a ſmall make a great.

Foole. No ſir, a fewe great make a many ſmall, come my Lords, poore and need hath no lawe.

S.Ed. Nor neceſſitie no right, *Drum* downe with them into the Celler, reſt content, reſt cõtent, one bout more and then away.

Foole. Speake like a true heart, I kiſſe thy foote ſweet knight.

The Morice ſing and daunce, and Exeunt.

Ma. Sir *Edward Fortune* you keep too great a houſe,
I am your friend, in hope your ſonne in lawe,
And from my loue I ſpeake, you keep too great a houſe,
Go too you do, yon ſame dry throated huskes
Will ſuck you vp, and you are ignorant
What froſtie fortunes may benumme your age,
Pouertie, the Princes frowne, a ciuile warre, or.

S.Ed. Or what? tuſh, tuſh, your life hath loſt his taſte,
Oh madnes ſtill to ſweate in hotte purſuite
Of cold abhorred ſluttiſh nigardiſe,
To exile ones fortunes from their natiue vſe,
To entertaine a preſent pouertie,
A willing want, for Infidell miſtruſt
Of gratious prouidence: Oh Lunacie,
I haue two thouſand pound a yeare, and but two Girles,
I owe nothing, liue in all mens loue,
Why ſhould I now go make my ſelfe a ſlaue
Vnto the god of fooles; put worſt: then heer's my reſt.
I had rather liue rich to die poore, then liue poore to die rich.

Mam.

Mam. Oh but ſo great a maſſe of coyne might mount
from wholſome thrift, that after your deceaſe your iſſue
might ſwell out your name with pompe.

S. Ed. Ha, I was not borne to be my Cradles drudge,
To choake and ſtifle vp my pleaſures breath,
To poyſon with the venomd cares of thrift
My priuate ſweet of life: onely to ſcrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren vertues of my progeny,
And make them ſprowt, ſpight of their want of worth:
No, I do loue my Girles ſhould wiſh me liue,
Which fewe do wiſh that haue a greedy Syre:
But ſtill expect and gape with hungry lip,
When heele giue vp his gowtie ſtewardſhip.

Mam. You touch the quick of ſence, but thē I wonder
You not aſpire vnto the eminence
And height of pleaſing life: to Court, to Court,
There burniſh, there ſpread, there ſtick in pompe
Like a bright Diamond in a Ladies browe,
There plant your fortunes in the flowring ſpring,
And get the ſunne before you of reſpect:
There trench your ſelfe within thē peoples loue,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace,
What's wealth without reſpect and mounted place?

S. Ed. Worſe and worſe, I am not yet diſtraught,
I long not to be ſqueaſd with mine owne waight:
Nor hoyſe vp all my ſailes to catch the winde
Of the drunke reeling Commons: I labor not
To haue an awfull preſence, nor be feard
(Since who is feard, ſtill feares to be ſo feard)
I care not to be like the *Horeb* Calfe,
One day ador'd, and next paſht all in peeces:
Nor do I enuy *Poliphemiā* puffes,

Swizars ſlopt greatnes: I adore the Sunne,
Yet loue to liue within a temperate zone,
Let who will climbe ambitious glibbery rowndes,
And leane vpon the vulgars rotten loue,
I'le not coriuall him: The Sunne will giue
As great a ſhadow to my trunck as his:
And after death like Cheſmen hauing ſtood
In play for Biſhops, ſome for Knights, and Pawnes,
We all together ſhall be tumbled vp, into one bagge,
Let huſh'd calme quiet, rock my life a ſleepe:
And being dead, my owne ground preſſe my bones,
Whileſt ſome old Beldame hobling ore my graue,
May mumble thus: *Here lies a knight whoſe money*
Was his ſlaue. Now *Iack* what newes?

Enter Iack Drum.

Drum. And pleaſe your Wor. the Morice haue tane their liquor.

Sir Ed. Hath not the liquor tane them?

Drum. Tript vp their heeles or ſo: one of them hath vndertaken to daunce the Morice from *Hygate* to *Holloway* on his heeles, with his hands vpwards.

S. Ed. Thats nothing hard.

Drum. Yes ſir, tis eaſier for him to daunce on his head than his heeles, for indeed his heeles are turnde rancke rebels, they wil not obey, but they are tumbling downe the hill a pace.

Ma. And I muſt after then, farwel my ſoules delight,
Sweete *Katherine* adieu. *Camelia* goodnight.

S. Ed. Nay not to *London* Sir to night, Ifaith at leaſt ſtay ſupper.

Drum. Harke you ſir, theres but two Lambes, a dozen Capons, halfe a ſcore couple of Rabbots, three Tartes, and foure Tanſies, for ſupper, and therfore I beſeech you

giue him *Iacke Drums* entertainment: Let the *Iebuſite* depart in peace.

Sir Ed. Why *Iacke*, is not that ſufficient?

Drum. I for any Chriſtian, but for a yawning vſurer tis but a bit, a morſell, if you table him, heele deuoure your whole Lordſhip, hee is a quickſand, a Goodwin, a Gulfe, as hungry as the Iawes of a Iayle, hee will waſte more ſubſtance then *Ireland* ſouldiers: A Die, a Drabbe, and a paunch-ſwolne Vſurer, deuoure whole Monarchies: Let him paſſe ſweete knight, let him paſſe.

Sir Ed. Peace knaue peace.
Daughter, lay your expreſſe commaundement vpon
the ſtay of maiſter *Mamon*, what tis womens yeere,
Dian doth rule, and you muſt domineere.

Mam. No ſheele not wiſh my ſtay, oh I am curſt
With her inexorable ſwiftnes, by her loue
Which dotes me more then new coynd glowing gold,
The vtmoſt bent of my affection
Shootes all my fortunes to obtaine her loue,
And yet I cannot praiſe, but ſtil am loathde.
My preſence hated, therfore *Mamon* downe,
Farewell ſir *Edward*, farewell beauties Crowne.

Sir Ed. Faith as it pleaſe you for going, and her for wooing,
I will enforce neither.

Kath. With your pardon ſir, I ſhall ſooner hate my ſelfe,
Then loue him.

Sir Ed. Nay be free my daughters in election,
Oh, how my ſoule abhorres inforced yokes,
Chiefly in loue, where the affections bent
Should wholy ſway the Fathers kind conſent.
Forgod when I was batcheler, had a friend,
Nay had my Father wiſht me to a wife,
That might haue lik'd mee, yet their very wiſh

Made

Made me miſtruſt my Loue had not true courſe,
But had ſome ſway from dutie which might hold
For ſome ſlight ſpace: but ô when time ſhall ſearch
The ſtrength of loue, then vertue, and your eye,
Muſt knit his ſinewes: I chuſde my ſelfe a wife
Poore, but of good diſſent, and we did liue
Till death diuorc'd vs, as a man would wiſh:
I made a woman, now wenches make a man:
Chuſe one either of valour, wit, honeſtie, or wealth,
So he be gentle, and you haue my heart,
I faith you haue: What, I haue land for you both,
You haue loue for your ſelues. Heeres M. *Mamon* now.

Drum. A club-fiſted Vſurer.

Sir. Ed. A wealthie, carefull, thriuing Citizen.

Mam. Carefull, I, I, let nothing without good blacke and white, I warrant you.

Drum. Yes ſir.

Mam. No ſir.

Drum. A litle backe winde, ſauing your wor. ſir.

Mam. I am ſcoft at, wheres my man there ho?

Came. Sir you need not take the pepper in the noſe, Your noſe is firie enough.

Mam. What *Flawne*, what *Chriſtopher*, Hart where's the knaue become? Hold ſirrah carry my cloake.

Enter Flawne.

Kathe. It ſeemes he can ſcarce carry himſelfe.

Drum. Hee's ouer the ſhooes, yet heele hold out water, for I haue liquor'd him ſoundly.

Mam. Why cannot you come where headie liquore is, but you muſt needs bouze?
What a man may leade a horſe to the water, but heele chuſe to drinke.

Flawn. True, but I am no horſe, for I cannot chuſe but drinke.

Mam. A pale weake ſtripling, yet contend with Ale.
Flawne. Why the weakeſt go to the Pot ſtill. (day.
Mam. That Ieſt ſhall ſaue him. Sir *Edward* now good
Exit.
Sir Ed. Nay ſir, weele bring you a litle of the way.
Drum. Rely on me *Chriſtopher*, I will be thy ſtaffe,
And thy Maſters noſe ſhalbe thy lanthorn & candlelight
Exeunt all. Manent Camelia and Winifride.
Wini. Miſtreſſe *Camelia*, me thinkes your eye
Sparkles not ſpirit as twas wont to doo.
Came. My mind is dull, and yet my thoughts are fixt
Vpon a pleaſing obiect, *Brabants* loue.
Wini. Indeed yong *Brabant* is a propper man,
And yet his legges are ſomewhat of the leaſt:
And faith a chitty well complexioned face,
And yet it wants a beard: A good ſweet youth,
And yet ſome ſay he hath a valiant breath,
Of a good haire, but oh, his eies, his eies.
Came. Laſt day thy praiſe extold him to the skies.
Wi. Indeed he wares good cloaths, & throws his cloak
With good diſcretion vnder his left arme,
He curles his boote with iudgement, and takes a whiffe
With gracefull faſhion, ſweares a valorous oath,
But ô the diuel, hath a hatefull fault, he is a yonger bro-
Came. A yonger brother? ô intollerable. (ther.
Wini. No Miſtreſſe, no: but theres M. *Iohn*,
M. *Iohn Ellis*, theres a Lad Ifaith,
Ha for a vertuous honeſt good youth!
Came. Tut he is good, becauſe he knows not how to
Nor wherefore he is good. (be bad,
Wini. I know not, mee thinkes not to be bad, is
good enough in theſe daies.
Came. Nay he is a foole, a perfect Idiot.
Wini. Why all the better. And I'le tell you this, The

The greateſt Lady in the Land affects him,
Nay doates vpon him, I, and lies with him.

Ca. What Lady, good ſweet *Winifride*, what Lady ſay?
Faith there be ſome good parts about the foole, which I perceiue not, yet an other may: what Lady, good ſweet *Winifride*? ſay quick good wench.

Winif. The Lady *Fortune*.

Camel. Why my name's *Fortune* too.

Winif. Then you muſt needs fauour him,
For *Fortune* fauours fooles.

Camel. Oh but to hugge a foole is odious.

Winif. Foule water quencheth fire well inough,
And with more liuely pallat, you ſhall taſte
The Iuyce of pleaſures fount at priuate times:
Piſh, by my maiden-head, were I to match,
I would elect a wealthy foole foreall,
Then may one hurry in her Chariot,
Shine in rich purpled Tiſſue, haue hundred loues,
Rule all, pay all, take all, without checke or ſnib.
When being maried to a wiſe man (O the Lord)
You are made a foole, a Ward, curbd and controlld, and (O) out vpon't.

Came. Beleeue me wench, thy words haue fired me,
I'le lay me downe vpon a banke of Pinkes,
And dreame vppon; Sweete foole, I tis moſt cleare,
A fooliſh bed-mate, why he hath no peere.

Exit Camelia.

Winif. Ha, ha, her loue is as vncertaine as an Almanacke, as vnconſtant as the faſhion, Iuſt like a whiffe of Tabacco, no ſooner in at the mouth, but out at the noſe: I thinke in my heart I could make her enamoured on *Timothy Twedle*: wel he that fees me beſt, ſpeeds beſt.
For as it pleaſd my bribed lippes to blowe,

So turnes her feathry fancie too and fro. *Exit.*

Enter Brabant Iunior at one doore, Ned Planet at the other.

Bra. Good ſpeed thee my good ſweet *Planet*,
How doeſt thou Chuck?

Pla. How now *Brabant*, where haue you liu'de theſe three or foure dayes?

Bra. Ho at the glittering Court my *Pytheas*.

Pla. Plague on ye *Pytheas*, what haue you done there?

Bra. Why lane in my Ladies lap, eate, drink, & ſleep.

Pla. So hath thy Ladies Dog done, what art in loue
With yon *Hygate* Maimmet ſtill?

Bra. Still, I ſtill, and ſtill, I in eternitie.

Plan. It ſhall bee Cronicled next after the death of *Bankes* his Horſe, I wonder why thou lou'ſt her?

Bra. Loue hath no reaſon.

Pla. Then is loue a beaſt.

Bra. O my *Camelia* is loue it ſelfe.

Pla. The diuel ſhe is: Hart her lips looke like a dride Neats-tongue: her face as richly yeallow, as the skin of a cold Cuſtard, and her mind as fetled as the feet of bald pated time.

Bra. Plague on your hatefull humor, out vppont,
Why ſhould your ſtomacke be ſo qneaſie now,
As to beſpawle the pleaſures of the world?
Why ſhould you run an Idle counter-courſe
Thwart to the path of faſhion? Come your reaſon?
O you are buried in Philoſophie,
And there intomb'd in ſupernaturalls,
You are dead to natiue pleaſures life.

Pla. Let me buſſe thy cheeke ſweete Pugge,

Now I am perfect hate, I lou'd but three things in the world, Philoſophy, Thrift, and my ſelf. Thou haſt made me hate Philoſophy. A Vſurers greaſie Codpeece made me loath Thrift: but if all the Brewers Iades in the town can drug me from loue of my ſelfe, they ſhall doo more then e're the ſeuen wiſe men of *Greece* could: Come, come, now I'le be as ſociable as *Timon* of *Athens*.

Bra. Along with me then, you droming *Sagbut*, I'le bring thee to a Crewe.

Pla. Of Fooles wilt not?

Bra. Faith if you haue any waight of iudgement, you may eaſily ſound what depth of witts they drawe, theres firſt my elder brother.

Pla. Oh the Prince of Fooles, vnequald Ideot,
He that makes coſtly ſuppers to trie wits:
And will not ſtick to ſpend ſome 20. pound
To grope a gull: that ſame perpetuall grin
That leades his Corkie Ieſts to make them ſinke
Into the eares of his Deryders with his owne applauſe.

Bra. Indeed his Ieſts are like *Indian* beefe, they will not laſt, and yet he powders them ſoundly with his own laughter.
Then theres the *Gotiſh* French-man, *Mounſieur Iohn ſo de King*, knowſte thou him?

Pla. Oh, I to a haire, for I knew him when he had neuer a haire on his head.

Bra. He is a faithfull pure Rogue.

Pla. I, I, as pure as the gold that hath bene ſeuen times tryed in the fire.

Bra. Then theres *Iohn Ellis*, and profound toungd Maiſter *Puſſe*, he that hath a perpetuitie of complement, he whoſe phraſes are as neatly deckt as my Lord Maiors

Henſmen,

Henſmen, he whoſe throat ſqueakes like a treble Organ, and ſpeakes as ſmall and ſhrill, as the Iriſh-men crie Pip, fine Pip.

And when his period comes not roundly off, takes tole of the tenth haire of his *Bourbon* locke : as thus. Sweete Sir, repute me as a *(Puffe) ſelected ſpirit borne to be the admirer, of your neuer inough admired (Puffe).*

Pla. Oh we ſhall be ouerwhelmd with an invndation of laughter. Come, where are they?

Bra. Here at this Tauerne.

Pla. In, in, in, in, I long to burſt my ſides and tyer my ſpleene with laughter. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Pages, the one laughing, the other crying.

Page. 1. Why do'ſt thou crie?

2. Why do'ſt thou laugh?

1. I laugh to ſee thee crie.

2. And I crie to ſee thee laugh.

Peace be to vs. Heres our Maiſters.

Enter Brabant Signior, Planet, Brabant Iunior, Iohn Ellis, M. Puffe, and Mounſieur Iohn ſo de King.

Bra. Sig. You ſhall ſee his humour, I pray you bee familiar with this Gentleman maiſter *Puffe*, he is a man of a well growne ſpirit, richly worth your· I aſſure you, ha, ha, ha.

Puff. Sir I enrowle you in the Legend of my *(Puffe)* intimates, I ſhall be infinitely proud if you will daigne to value me worthy the embracement of your *(Puffe)* better affection.

Pla.

Pla. Speake you from your thought ſir?

Puffe. I, or would my ſilke ſtocke ſhould looſe his gloſſe, elſe, I ſhall triumph as much in the purchaſe of your (*Puffe*) loue, as if I had obtained the great *Elixar*: Let vs incorporate our affections I pray you: let me be forward in your fauour.

Pla. Sir, I pray you let me beg you for a Foole.

Puff. I affect no rudenes gentlemē, the heauens ſtand Propitious to your faire deſignes:
A ſſoone as next the ſun ſhall gin to ſhine,
I will ſalute the eies of *Katherine*.

Bra. Sig. Of *Katherine*, M. *Planet* obſerue the next, M. *Iohn*, what makes you ſo melancholy?

Ellis. I do not vſe to anſwere queſtions.

Bra. Iu. What are you thinking on now?

El. I do not vſe to thinke.

Bra. Sig. He lookes as demurely as if he were asking his Father bleſſing.

El. I do not vſe to aske my Father bleſſing.

Bra. Iu. Hart, how chaunce he is out of his ſimilies?

Pla. I haue followed Ordinaries this twelue month, onely to finde a Foole that had landes, or a fellow that would talke treaſon, that I might beg him. *Iohn*, be my Ward *Iohn*, faith Ile giue thee two coates a yeare and be my Foole.

Bra. Sig. He ſhall be your Foole, and you ſhall be his Coxe-come. Ha, ha, I haue a ſimple wit, ha, ha.

Pla. I ſhall crowe o're him then.

Enter Winifride.

Wini. Is there not one M. *Iohn Ellis* here?

Page. There ſits the thing ſo calde.

Winifride and Ellis talke.

Br. Sig. Now to the laſt courſe: *Monſieur Iohn ſo de King*,

I will helpe you to a wench *Mounſieur*.

Moun. No point,a burne childe feere de fire.

Ellis. As a hungry dogge waiteth for a mutton bone, or as a tatterd foote-boy for a caſt ſute, euen ſo will I attend on my Miſtris.

Enter Winifride.

Moun. O my *Viniſride*, pree you awe, by gor,me ang de for her.

Bra. Sig. Nay ſtay, ſtay, I will helpe you to a dilicate plump-lipt wench.

Moun. Toh,phi,phi,your proffer ware ſtink: ſtay *Viniſride*,or by gor die, me die, me die by gor, me ang ſo deſirous adiew goot Sir.

Bra. Sig. Oh ſtay *Mounſieur*, how do you pronounce *Demurra?* Ha,ha,Ile plague him.

Moun. Grand Sot, my vench is gone,& me brule,and me brule,like one mad bule,me go into de vater to coole my reine,ang my back made de vater hize againe,dus ſo brule, me burſt vor a vench, and yet grand poc on you all,pree you adiew.

Ellis. As the ligge is cald for when the Play is done, euen ſo let *Mounſieur* goe.

Moun. Hee, me teach you much French vor dis, I goe to *Hygate*,adiew grand Sots. *Exit Mounſieur.*

Ellis As ſore eyes cannot endure the Sun, nor ſcabd hands abide ſalt water,ſo muſt I leaue all,and ſee my miſtreſſe,and as faire Ladies do vſe foule foyles,euen ſo do I bid you farewell.

Exit Ellis.

Bra. Sig. Why this is ſport imperiall, by my Gentry, I would ſpend fortie Crownes, for ſuch an other feaſt of fooles. Ha,ha.

Bra. Iu. I wonder who would be the foole then?

Bra. Sig.

Bra. Sig. Why tis the recreation of my Intellect, I thinke I ſpeake as ſignificant, ha, ha, theſe are my zanyes, I fill their paunches, they feed my pleaſures, I vſe them as my fooles faith, ha, ha.

Pla. Tis a generous honour.

Bra. Sig. Troath I thinke you haue a good wit, ha? pray you ſup with me, I loue good wits, becauſe mine owne is not vnfortunate: pray you ſup with me.

Pla. Ile giue God thankes ſir, that hath ſent a foole to feed me.

Bra. Sig. Come along then, ye ſhall haue a Capon, a Tanſey, and ſome kick-ſhowes of my wits, ha, ha, ſome toyes of my ſpirit.

Exit Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Pla. I will eate his meate, and ſpend's money, thats all the ſpight I can do him: but if I can get a Pattent for concealed Sots, that Dawe ſhall troupe among my Ideots. *Exit.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter M. Puffe with his Page.

Puffe. Boy whats a Clocke?

Page. Paſt three, and a faire morning.

Puffe. Burnes not that light within the ſacred ſhrine? I meane the chamber of bright *Katherine.*

Page. I, ſhould appeare by theſe preſence, that it doth.

Puffe. I wonder that the light is vp ſo ſoone.

Page. O Miſtreſſe Snuffe was weary with ſleeping in the Socket, and therefore hath newly put on her ſtamell petticoat, & take her pewter ſtate to giue light to things are in darkneſſe.

Puff. And I know that women of grauitie and ſweetnes are ſoone vp.

Page. I ſee that women of leuitie and lightneſſe, are ſoone downe.

Puff. Boy cleare thy throate, and mount thy ſweeteſt notes
Vpon the boſom of this ſleeke cheekt aire:
That it may gently breathe them in the eare
Of my adored Miſtreſſe: Come begin.

The Song.

Delicious beautie that doth lie
Wrapt in a skin of Iuorie,
Lie ſtil, lie ſtil vpon thy backe,
And Fancy let no ſweete dreames lacke
To tickle her, to tickle her with pleaſing thoughts.
But if thy eyes are open full,
Then daine to view an honeſt gull,
That ſtands, that ſtands, expecting ſtill
When that thy Caſement open will
And bleſſe his eyes, & bleſſe his eyes, with one kind glance.

The Caſement opens, and Katherine appeares.

Puf. All happineſſe and vnconceiu'd delight,
Waite on the loue of ſweet fac'de *Katherine.*

Kathe. Good youth Amen: I do returne your wiſh
With ample intereſt of beatitude.

Puf. I do proteſt, with ceremonious (puffe) lippes
The pureſt blood of my affection,
Is euen fatally predeſtinate
To conſecrate it ſelfe vnto your (puffe) loue.

Ka. Vnto my loue? Oh ſir you binde me to you:

Faire

Faire Gentleman I haue a thankfull heart,
Tho not a glorious ſpeech to ſweet my thankes.
Puf. Reward my loue then with your kinder loue.
Ka. With my loue ſir, I reliſh not your ſpeech.
Puf. I with your loue, in pleaſing marriage.
Ka. Alas ſir, cannot be my Loues a man,
Who hardly can requite the deare proteſts
Of kind affection, which you ſeeme to vowe
Vnto his fortunes: kind youth, you did wiſh
All happineſſe to wayt vpon my loue:
Well he ſhall know it when we next do meete,
And thanke you kindly: now good morrow ſweete.
Puf. You take my, my, my meaning (puffe.) (out.
Page. Nay if he be puffing once, the fire of his wit is
Puf. Why ſhe is gone. Hart did I riſe for this?
Pa. She cannot endure puffing. O you puft her away
Puf. Lets ſlink along vnſeen, tis yet ſcarſe day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mamon with Flawne, bearing a light before Mamon.

Flawn. Now me thinks I hold the candle to the diuel.
Mam. Put out the light, the day begins to breake.
Flawn. Would the day and thy neck were broke together.
Mam. Oh how the gout and loue do tyre me.
Flawne. Why ſir, loue is nothing but the very gout.
Mam. As how *Flawne*? as how?
Flawne Thus ſir: Gout and loue, both come with Idleneſſe, both incurable, both humorous, onely this difference: the Gout cauſeth a great tumor in a mans legges, and loue a great ſwelling in a womans belly.
Mam. Why then ô Loue, ô Gout, ô goutie Loue, how thou torments olde *Mamon*: good morrow to the

ſweet lipt *Katherine*, eternall ſpring vnto thy beauties loue.

Ka. Alas good aged Sir, what make you vp?
In faith I pittie you, good ſoule to bed,
Troth ſoone youle crie, Oh God my head, my head.

Mam. No *Katherine*, the wrinckling print of time
Err'd, when it ſeald my forehead vp with age:
I haue as warme an arme to entertaine
And hugge thy preſence in a nuptiall bed,
As thoſe that haue a cheek more liuely red:
And tho my voice be rude, yet *Flawne* can ſing
Peans of beautie, and of *Katherine*.
Liſt to the Muſicke that corrupts the Goddes,
Subuerts euen Deſteny, and thus it ſhogges.

The Song.

Chunck, chunck, chunck, chunck, his bagges do ring
A merry note with chuncks to ſing:
Thoſe that are farre more yong and wittie,
Are wide from ſinging ſuch a Ditte
As Chunck, chunck, chunck,
Theres Chunck that makes the Lawier prate,
Theres Chunck that make a foole of Fate,
Theres Chunck, that if you will be his,
Shall make you liue in all hearts bliſs
With Chunck, chunck, chunck.

Ka. Tis wel ſung good old man, hence with your gold,
Leaue the green fields tis deawy, youle take cold.

Mam. The Catements ſhut, wel here Ile lurke & ſtay,
To ſee who beare the glorie of the day.
Hence, hence, to London, *Flawne* let me alone.

Enter

Flawne I can hardly leaue him alone, for the Diuell and double Duckats, ſtill aſſociate him, but I am gone.

Exit.

Enter Paſquill.

Paſquil. The glooming morne with ſhining Armes
The ſiluer Enſign of the grim cheekt night, (hath chaſte
And fore'd the ſacred troupes of ſparkling ſtarres
Into their priuate Tents, yet calme huſht ſleepe
Strikes dumbe the ſnoring world: yet frolick youth
Thats lately matcht vnto a well ſhapte Laſſe,
Clippes his ſweet Miſtreſſe, with a pleaſing arme,
Whilſt the great power of Imperious Loue
Sommons my dutie to ſalute the ſhine
Of my Loues beauties. Vhequald *Katherine*
I bring no Muſick to prepare thy thoughts
To entertaine an amorous diſcourſe:
More Muſick's in thy name, and ſweet diſpoſe,
Then in *Apollos* Lyre, or *Orpheus* cloſe.
I'le chaunt thy name, and ſo inchaunt each eare,
That *Katherinas* happie name ſhall heare.
My *Katherine*, my life, thy *Katherine*.

Kathe. My *Ned*, my *Paſquil*, ſweet I come, I come,
Euen with like ſwiftnes, tho not with like heart:
As the fierce Faw con troupes to ryſing fowle.
I hurrey to thee: do not go away,
The place is priuate, and tis yet ſcarce day.

Paſ. O the ſweet kind words imparadize my thoughts.

Ma. Ha, ha, yong *Paſquil*, haue I found you out?
Iſt you muſt beare my roſe, Ile bore your heart.
Why this ſame boy's as bare as naked Enuie.
A bowe bid gallant, yet ſhe'le match with him:
Ile match him, if his skin be Pauyan proofe.

He may ſcape the force of gold and murder, if not,
As you returne ſir, I will pepper you. *Exit.*

Enter Katherine to Paſquill.

And art thou come deare hart, firſt fee be this,
This kinde imbrace, and next this modeſt kis.

Paſ. This is no kiſſe, but an Ambroſian bowle,
The Nectar deaw of thy delicious ſowle:
Let me ſucke one kiſſe more, and with a nimble lip,
Nibble vpon thoſe Roſie bankes, more ſoft and cleare
Then is the Iewel d tip of *Venus* eare.
Oh how a kiſſe inflames a Louers thought,
With ſuch a fewell let me burne and die,
And like to *Hercules* ſo mount the skie.

Ka. Come you grow wanton. Oh you bite my lip.

Paſ. In faith you Ieſt, I did but ſoftly ſip
The Roſeall Iuice of your reuiuing breath:
Let clumſie iudgements, chilblaind gowtie wits
Bung vp their chiefe content within the whoopes
Of a ſtuft dry Fatt: and repoſe their hopes
Of happineſſe, and hearts tranquilitie,
Vpon increaſe of durt: but let me liue
Clipt in the cincture of a faithfull arme,
Luld in contented ioy, being made diuine,
With the moſt precious loue of *Katherine.*

Ka. Let the vnſanctified ſpirit of ambition
Entice the choyſe of muddy minded Dames
To yoke themſelues to ſwine, and for vaine hope
Of gay rich trappings, be ſtill ſpurd and prickt
With pining diſcontent for nuptiall ſweetes.
But let me liue lou'd in my husbands eies,
Whoſe thoughts with mine, may ſweetly ſimpathize.

Paſ. The heauens ſhall melt, the ſun ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
Before I leaue the loue of *Katherine.*

Kathe.

Kathe. Nay when heauens melted, & the ſun ſtrooke
Euen then my loue ſhall not be vanquiſhed. (dead,
Paſ. When I turne fickle, vertue ſhall be vice.
Ka. When I proue falſe, Hell ſhall be Paradice.
Paſ. My life ſhall be maintaind by thy kind breath.
Ka. Thy loue ſhall be my life, thy hate my death.
Paſ. Oh when I die let me imbrace thy waſte.
Ka. In death let me be counted thine and chaſte.
Paſ. Heauens graunt, being dead my ſoule may liue
Ka. One kiſſe ſhal giue thee mine eternally. (nie thee
Paſ. In faire exchaunge vouchſafe my hart to take.
Ka. With all my mind, weare this *Ned* for my ſake,
But now no more, bright day malings our loue,
Farewell, yet ſtay, but tis no matter too,
My Father knowes I thinke, what muſt enſue.
Adieu, yet harke, nay faith, adieu, adiew.
Paſ. Peace to thy paſſions, till next enterview.

Exeunt.

Enter Mamon, and Mounſier Iohn ſo de King.

Mam. Now *Mounſieur* be but confident, and hold
There is the price of blood, this way he comes,
Strike home bold arme, and thou ſhalt want no crowns.
Moun. Feare you noting, when he is die, me bring you (word.
Exit Mamon.
Hee, by gor braue crowne, braue monney,
Me haue here a patent to take vp, one, two, treeſcore
Vench: fine Crowne, fine vench, vnreaſonably fine,
Dis monney is my baude. Me ſend a French crowne
To fetch a fine vench, de French crowne fetch de
Fine vench, de fine vench take de French crowne,
And giue me de French poc. Hee excellent, you ſee
Mee kill a man, you ſee mee hang like de *Burgullian*,
Hee no poine: Hee by Gor, mee haue much vitt,

Ang me much bald, and me ang much bald wit.
Here come de Gentleman metre *Paſquill*.

Enter Paſquill.

Paſquill. Iſt poſſible that ſiſters ſhould ſo thwart
In natiue humours? one's as kind and fayre,
As conſtant, vertuous, and as debonayre,
As is the heart of goodneſſe: the other, proud,
Inconſtant, fantaſticke, and as vaine in loues,
As trauellers in lies: bleſt *Katherine*,
Camelia's not thy ſiſter, if ſhe bee,
Shees baſterd to the ſweetes that ſhine in thee.

Moun. Bonjour Metre *Paſquill, ſance Ieſt*, me am hired to kill you, *Mounſieur Mamon, Meſſer*: Iounck, Iounck, giue me money to ſtab you, but me know there is a God that hate bloud, derfore, me no kil, me know dere is a vench, that loue Crowne, derefore me keepe de money.

Paſ. Vnhallowed villaine, that with gold and bloud,
Thinkes that almighty loue can be withſtood.
Hold *Mounſieur*, there are more Crownes, oncly do this,
returne to *Mamon*, tell him the deed is done, and bring
him hither, that he may vainely triumph in my bloud, I
haue ſome painting which I found by chaunce in looſe
Camelias chamber, with that Ile ſtaine my breaſt, go and
returne with ſpeed.

Moun. Hee, by gor I ſmell a rat, me flie, me flie, by gor.

Exit Mounſieur.

Paſ. Leaud miſcreant, that through the throat of hel,
Wouldſt mount to heauen, and enioy loue,
Invaluably pretious: no rancke churle,
Thou waſt not made to ſlauer her faire lips
With thy dead rew my chops, nor clip her waſte,
With thy ſhrunke bloudleſſe arme, I heare him come.
Now *Paſquill* faigne, ô thou eternall light,

Mourne that thy creatures ſhould in bloud delight.

He lies downe, and faines himſelfe dead.

Enter Mamon and Mounſieur.

Mam. Now ſmug fac'd boy, now nibble on her lips,
Now ſippe the deawe of her delitious breath.
Stinke, rot, damne, bake in thy cluttered bloud,
Snakes, Toads, and Earwigs, make thy skull their neaſt,
Ingendring deaw-wormes, cling orethwart thy breaſt.

Moun. Huſh, huſh, leaue praying for dead, tis no good
Caluianiſme, puritaniſme. Diſſemble, here are company.

Exit Moun.

Enter Bra. Sig. and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Good morrow Sir, who lies there murdred?

Mam. Oh Gentlemen, the kindeſt vertuous youth
That e're adorned London. Damned theeues
To ſpoile ſuch hopes: the laſt words that he ſpake,
Sticks ſtill within the hollow of mine eare.
Katherine quoth he, hold M. *Mamon* deare,
I know not what he meant, but ſo he ſaid.
If that you paſſe to *Hygate*, tell the Knight,
Paſquill is ſunke into eternall night.

Pla. Faith twas a good youth, come *Brabant*, come away.

Exeunt Brabant and Planet.

Mam. Dead *Kate*, dead *Kate*, dead is the boy,
That kept rich *Mamon* from his ioy.

Mamon ſings. Lantara, &c. Paſquill riſeth, and ſtriketh him.

Mam. Oh the diuell, the ghoſt of *Paſquill*, I am dead, if you haue any curteſie in you, beleeue it. I beleeu'd you when you faign'd, beleeue me now, for I am almoſt dead, numbd vp with feare, giue faith ſweete gentle youth. (repent,

Paſ. Old wretch, amend thy thoughts, purge, purge,
Ile hide thy vlcer, be but penitent. *Exit.*

Mam. Ha, I think twas but his ghoſt that ſwept along.

Enter Mounſier ſinging.

Grand ſot Mamõ, P*ho, phy, phy, phy, a foutra pour vos chũck, chunck.* Iohn ſo de King, *teach you a ding,* Iohn ſo de King *graund Sot, Sot, Sot.* *Exit Mounſieur.*

Ma. Death, plague, and hell, how is curſt *Mamõ* vext?
Scourgde with the whip of ſharpe deriſion:
Ile home, and ſtarue, this croſſe, this peeuiſh hap,
Strikes dead my ſpirits like a thunderclap.

Exit Mamon.

Enter Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Gods pretious, I forgot to bring my Page,
To breathe ſome Dittie in my Miſtris eare.

P*la.* Wouldſt haue a Ballet to ſalute her with?

Bra. No, but a Song. How wouldſt thou court thy Miſtreſſe?

P*la.* Why with the world, the fleſh & the diuel.

Bra. Right dog, well thoult ſweare, that I am bleſt
Beyond infinitie of happineſſe,
When thou beholdeſt admired *Camelia.*

P*la.* And God wold bleſſe me with 3. ſuch miſtreſſes, I would giue two of them to the diuel, that hee would take the third.

Bra. Oh when ſhe clips, and clings about my necke,
And ſuckes my ſoule forth with a melting kiſſe.

P*la.* Doth ſhe vſe thee ſo kindly then, ha?

Bra. O I, and calls me deare, deare *Brabant*, and (ô Ie- (ſu God)
I cannot expreſſe her ſweets of entertaine,
Sheele ſo inſinuate with chaſte amorous ſpeech,
And play the wanton with ſuch pretie grace,
And vowes loue to me: Oh I'le make thee madde
To ſee how gratious *Brabant's* in her eye.
Here is her window, marke but when I call,
How ſwift ſhe comes, and with what kind ſalutes She

She welcomes me. What ho *Camelia?*
Faith youle be tane vp, what in bed ſo late?

Winifride lookes from aboue. (downe.

Pla. And you take her vp *Brabant*, ſheele take you

Bra. Hart they heare not: My *Camelia* wake?

Wini. What harſh vnciuil tongue keeps ſuch a coile?

Bra. Winifride tis I. Tell my ſweet *Duck* I am here,
Now marke *Ned Planet*, now obſerue her well.

Wini. Shee wonders at your rudeneſſe that intrudes
Vpon the quiet of her mornings reſt,
And ſhee's amaz'de, that with ſuch impudence
You dare preſume to intimate ſome loue to her,
As if ſhe knew you more then for a youth,
A yonger brother, and a ſtipendary.

Enter Iohn Ellis.

Pla. Now mark *Ned Planet*, now obſerue her kindnes.
Good morrow M. *Iohn.*

Ellis. As the Countrey mayd crieth to her Cowe to milke her, or as the Trauailer knocketh with his Hoſtes for a reckning, euen ſo do I call to thee ô Miſtris.

Camelia from her window.

Came. Sweet *Iohn* my Loue, heer's thy *Camelia:*
Hold weare this fauour, with this kiſſe vppont.

Bra. Fleſh and blood cannot beare ſuch diſgrace.

Brabant beates Ellis.

El. Helpe, helpe, helpe, helpe, he boxes mee that hee doth. Helpe, helpe.

Enter Sir Edward, Katherine, Drum, and Twedle.

Sir Ed. What outrage haue we here ſo early vp?
Sir you do wrong the quiet of my houſe.

Enter Camelia.

Ifaith you do, and tis but rudely done,
Go too tis not. Is this a place to brawle?

Pla. And pleaſe thee knight, I'le tell thee faith & troth.
Cauc. What did he ſtrike thee ſweet?
El. I in good deed law, and a my conſcience, I thinke he hath made my noſe bleede.
Came. And would not you draw your weapon out, and to it luſtily, as long as you could ſtand?
El. I do not vſe to drawe.
Ca. Did he giue thee a box on the eare, and wouldſt thou take it?
El. And he be ſuch a foole to giue it me, why ſhould not I be ſo wiſe as to take it.
Ca. Pure honeſtie, kinde Ducke, kiſſe me ſweet *Iohn.*
Bra.Iu. Hart Sir *Edward*, will you ſuffer this? Now on my life ſhe is enamord on the fooles bable.
Sir Ed. Go too ſir boy forbear, you wrong my Loue, And you forget your ſelfe to vſe ſuch Ieſts, Such naſtie rybauldry vpon my daughter: I tell you M. *Brabant*, doth ſhe loue Any that meriteth the name of man?
Bra.Iu. Why hee's no man, but a very---
S. Ed. Well, well, no more; my houſe, my ſelf, my loue, Opens their hearts with liberall imbrace To entertaine your preſence: I or any mans So they'le be ciuile, modeſt, not prophane, Not like to thoſe that make it their chiefe grace, To be quite graceles.
Pla. Well ſaid honeſt knight, We haue had blood enough to day alreadie: *Ned Paſquil's* ſlaine by bloodie murdering Rogues.
Sir Ed. Speak ſoftly, God forbid, my daughter heares, Tell me the circumſtance, I pray you Sir.
Ka. Eternall death vnto my happineſſe, My *Paſquil* ſlaine? Oh God, oh God, oh God.
Exit Katherin, tearing her haire. *Pla.*

Pla. I,and I thinke the Vſurer made a Tent
Euen of his noſe it was ſo red and neere:
Sir Ed. God for his mercy,what miſchance is heere?
A good youth,a vertuous modeſt youth,
Ifaith he was. And I can tell your ſir,
My daughter *Katherine*, where is ſhe now?
Whithers ſhe gone? *Drum* call her hither ſtraite.
Drum. Your *Drum* wil ſound a call ſir preſently.
Exit Drum.
Sir Ed. And as I told you ſir, my daughter *Katherine*
Affected him right dearly: by my peace of ſoule,
If he had liu'd,I could haue hartily wiſht
He had bene my ſonne in lawe,Ifaith I could:
But ſee the will of God.How now *Drum*,
Where's my daughter?
Drum. Sir,ſhe is either inuiſible, or deafe, for I can neither ſee her,nor ſhe heare mee.
Sir Ed. Boddie of mee,my heart miſgiues me now,
Looke,call,ſearch,run all about.
My daughter gone? Go all and ſearch her out.
Heer's *Paſquil* ha? Is this the man thats dead?
Enter Paſquil.
Paſ. Let me intreat this fauour,do not ſearch
Or be inquiſitiue why I fain'de:
Repute me worthie your better cenſure:and thus think
My cauſe was vrgent,the reſt lie buried.
Sir Ed. Well, I would you had not fainde.
Paſ. Why would you haue had me dead indeed?
Sir Ed. Oh no,but I haue loſt my child *I* feare,
By your ſtrange faining,ſhe no ſooner heard
The tydings of your death,but gone ſhe was,
And God knowes whither. Ha what newes now?
Enter Drum.
Drum.

Drum. Tis eaſier to finde wit in ballating, honeſtie in Brokers, Virginitie in *Shordich*, then to heare of my Miſtreſſe.

Sir Ed. Broach me a freſh Butt of *Canary* Sacke,
Lets ſing, drink, ſleep, for thats the beſt reliefe:
To drowne all care, and ouerwhelme all griefe.
Powre Wine, ſound Muſick, let our bloods not freeze,
Drinke Duch like gallants, lets drinke vpſey freeze.

Exeunt Sir Edward, Planet, Brabant, Drum & Twedle.

Came. Seruant youle go in too, and ſtay dinner?

El. I in truthe, for as the Itch is augmented
By ſcratching, ſo is my loue by ſeeing my miſtreſſe.

Exeunt Camelia and Ellis.

Paſ. How's this, how's this, My *Katherin* gone hence?
Sences awake, and thou amazed ſoule
Vnwinde thy ſelfe from out the Labyrinth
Of gaping wonder, and aſtoniſhment.
My *Katherine* departed? how? which way?
Foole, foole, ſtand not debating, but purſue
Haſte to her comfort, for from thee doth ſpring
(Wretch that thou art) her cauſe of ſorrowing. *Exit.*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter a Page ſolus.

Page. Ha, ha, ha, tipſie, tipſie, tipſie, all turnd whirlegig, *Iohn ſo de king*, *Drum*, and *Timothy Twedle*, are rare fine, ha for the heauens, Ifaith: *Drums* Lyon drunk, and he dings the pottes about, crackes the glaſſes, ſwaggers with his owne ſhadow. Honeſt *Timothy* is Mawdelin drunke, and he weepes for kindneſſe, and kiſſes the hilts of *Iacke Drums* Dagger. *Mounſieurs* Goat drunke, and he ſhrugges,

ſhrugges,and skrubbes, and hees it for a wench. Heere they come reeling,I muſt packe,or we ſhall ſwagger,for they hauing a cracke in their heades, and I a fault in my hands,we ſhall nere agree. *Exit.*

Enter Drum,Mounſieur,and Twedle.

Drum. A Seruingman quoth you? Hart,and if I ſerue any thats fleſh and blood, would I might ne're taſte my liquore more: ſtand bare whileſt hee makes water, out vppont, Ile to *Ireland*,and there Ile Tan, ran,ty, ry,dan, Sa,ſa,ſa,ſa: Nay tis the onely life.

Twe. Nay good Thewte hart,good kind *Iack*, ſtay,if you would loue mee,as I loue you,we would liue & die together: and pleaſe God, would I were dead,and you are gone. And heeres M.*Iohn ſo de king*, a verie honeſt man too.

Drum. I, I,hee's a verie good honeſt man: for theres not a haire betwixt him and heauen.

Twe. Heele liue with vs now & teach vs French.

Moun. I by my trot, ang you helpe mee to a Vench now, mee teach you French. 5. towſand, towſand yere, ô your Secke is hote, and make mee brule, and brule, and burne, for a (*hee*) by gor your Seck is hote.

Enter Winifride.

Drum. Welcome *Baſiliſco*,thou wilt carry leuell,and knock ones braines out with thy pricking wit. Kiſſe me ſweet wench,kiſſe mee.

Moun. Hee my *Vinifride*, by gor you are come, in te very nick to pleaſure mee,pree you kiſſe mee, clip mee, loue mee,or by gor mee ang die certaine.

Drum. Out you French Dogge,touch my Loue, and Ile----

Moun. Touch her, by gor mee touch her, and touch her,and touch her.

Drum. Ile touch you, Ile ſlaſh you, Ile vench ye.

Wini. Put vp, put vp, for the paſſion of God put vp, or if youle needs too it, ſheath both your weapons in mee firſt.

Drum. Hart touch my loue, touch my *Winifride?*

Wini. Hark you *Iacke*, come to my chamber an houre hence, and you ſhall haue what you will aske, and I can graunt.

Drum. Why then my chollers down. *Iohn ſo de King.* Fontra for you. *Exit Drum.*

Moun. Fontra for me, futtra, futtra, futtra, fiue tow-ſand futtra's for you.

Twe. Stay friend *Iacke*, Ile reele along with you, if youle not ſwagger.

Exit Twedle.

Wini. Sweete, ſweete *Mounſieur*, hang yon ſlaues, I loue you infinitely.

Moun. By gor me teach you French foure tow-ſand yeare dan.

Wini. Well *Mounſieur*, I'le giue you pleaſure.

Moun. But will you preſently? quickly, for by gor me am a hot ſhot.

Wini. I ſo they ſay, I heard you were vnder the *Tor-ned zone* laſt day.

Moun. Piſh tis no matter, me am like a Tabacco Pipe, de more me am burne, de cleaner me am.

Wini. Well then, two houres hence come to my chamber, and *Timothy Twedle* ſhall giue you mee in a ſacke.

Moun. In a ſacke? Ha very well.

Wini. And you ſhall carrie me to my Maiſters houſe at *Holloway*, for in the houſe we cannot be priuate with-out ſuſpect. Till then, farewell. *Exit Winifride.*

Moun.

Moun. By my trot vnreaſonablie good, I carrie de vench on my backe, and de vench carie me on her (hee) fine backe, fine vench, fine *Mounſieur*, fine, fine, fine Knight, all fine, vnreaſonablie fine, me ſing vor ioy; by gor me ſing la, liro, liro la, lilo. *Exit.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra Sig. Gentlemen, as e're you lou'd wench, obſerue M. *Puffe* and me.

Bra. Iu. What ſhall we obſerue you for?

Bra. Sig. Oh for our complement.

Pla. Complement, whats that?

Bra. Sig. Complement, is as much as (what call you it) tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Pla. Complement, is as much as what call you it, tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Enter Puffe.

Bra. Sig. You ſhall ſee M. *Puffe* and me toſſe it, Ifaith marke with what grace I encounter him.

Pla. Hart thy brother's like the Inſtrument the Merchants ſent ouer to the great Turke: you need not play vpon him, heele make muſicke of himſelfe, and hee bee once ſet going.

Bra. Sig. M. *Puffe*, I long to do faire ſeruice to your loue.

Puffe. Moſt accompliſht wit, exquiſitly accoutred, (*Puffe*) Iudgement, I could wiſh my abilitie worthie your ſeruice, and my ſeruice worthie your abilitie.

Pla. By the Lord fuſtian, now I vnderſtand it: complement is as mch as fuſtian.

Bra. Sig. I proteſt your abilities are infinite, your perfections matchleſſe, your matchleſſe perfection infinite in abilitie, and your infinite abilitie, matchleſſe in perfection.

Pla. Good againe, reioyce *Brabant*, thy brother will not liue long, he talkes Idlely already.

Puff. Delicious ſpirit, diſparage not your courteſie, ſtand not bare to him that was borne to honor you.

Bra. Sig. Let vs preſſe our haires then, with an vniforme conſent.

Puff. The preſſure of my haires, or the puncture of my heart, ſtandes at the ſeruice of your ſollide perfections: my life is bound to your loue, your loue being my life, tho my life bee not worthie your loue, your perfection is the center to which all the paralels of my affection are drawne: your loue my life, your perfection, my affection, being------

Pla. Your Aſſe, my Foole.

Puff. Being chainde by the mightie coplet of inciuitable deſtenie, who ſeeth the ſunne, but hee muſt adore it: who ſeeth beautie, but he muſt honour it: who viweth gold, but he muſt couet it: then, (ô then) who can behold your ſun-like beauteous golden beauties, but he muſt more then adore, much more then honour, and moſt infinitely loue to be out, out, out.

Bra. Iu. Out he is indeed.

Pla. Hee's at a ſtand, like a reſtie Iade, or a Fidler, whē he hath crackt his Minikin.

Puff. Outragiouſly addicted to the worthie purſuite of ſuch matchleſſe worth.

Bra. Sig. Sir, I can reſt but truly thankfull, for your more then good conceit of my no leſſe then litle worth. And now ſir for the conſequent houres of the day, how ſtands your intencion for imployment?

Puff. I ha tane my leaue of Sir *Edward*, bid adiew to loue, my Miſtreſſe is gone, my humour is ſpent, my ioyes are at an end, and therefore Gentlemen, I leaue loue,

loue, and fall to the *(puffe)* Lawe, I will interre my ſelfe in *Ploydens* Coffin, and take an eternall *Conge* of the world. And ſo ſweete gallants farewell. *Exit.*

Bra. Sig. Nay Ile follow you to your graue. Gentlemen youle not accompany the coarſe? *Exit.*

Pla. No, no, looke *Ned Brabant*, yons a pleaſing obiect for thy eyes.

Enter Camelia, Ellis, and Winifride.

Bra. Iu. My Miſtreſſe is turnde *Bucephalus*, no bodie muſt ride her but *Alexander*: no bodie kiſſe her but *Iohn Ellis*. Now ſtand and liſt good *Planet*.

Ca. Come ſweeteſt Loue, lets giue time pleaſing wing,
What ſhall we make ſome purpoſes or ſing?

El. I will ſing, ſo you will beare my burthen.

Ca. Come laie thy head then in my virgin lappe,
And with a ſoft ſleeke hand Il'e clappe thy cheeke,
And wring thy fingers with an ardent gripe:
Ile breathe amours, and euen intraunce thy ſpirit,
And ſweetly in the ſhade lie dallying.

The Song.

Now dally ſport and play, This merry month of May,
This is the merry, mery month, Sweet time for dallying:
The Birds ſit chirping, chirping, The Doues ſit billing, billing,
Phillip is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading, is trea-
All are to pleaſures willing. *(ding,*
You that are faire and wittie, Obſerue this eaſie Dittie,
And leaue not Natures Natures bliſſe, Do not refuſe to kiſſe.
The Birds ſit chirping, chirping, The Doues ſit billing, billing,
Phillip is treading, is treading, &c.

Bra. Iu. Death I can holder: Life of loue:

Amazing bewtie, let not me ſeeme rude,
Tho thus I ſeeme to ſquare with modeſtie.

El. Pray you let me go, for heele begin to ſquare,
And euen as ſome doo weare Muffes for warmth, ſome for wantonneſſe, ſome for pride, ſome for neither, but to hide gowtie fingers, ſo will I get your Fathers conſent, and marry you. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Came. Sir it were good you got a benefice,
Some Evenuch'd Vicaridge, or ſome Fellowſhip,
To prop vp your weake yonger brotherſhip.
Match with your equalls, dare not to aſpier
My ſeate of loue, I wis Sir, I looke higher.

Bra.Iu. Aſtoniſhment of Nature, be not proud
Of *Forunes* bounties: *Brabant* is a man,
Tho not ſo clogd with durt as others are:
I do confeſſe my yonger brotherſhip;
Yet therein laie no ſuch diſparagement
As your high ſcorne imputes vnto my worth.
Coach Iades and Dogges, are coupled ſtill together,
Only for outward likenes, growth and ſtrength,
But the bright models of eternitie,
Are ioind together for affection,
Which in the ſoule is form'de. Oh let this moue,
Loue ſhould make mariage, and not mariage Loue. (proud,

Pla. Wooe her no more *Brabant*, thou'lt make her
You Duch Ancient why ſhould you looke higher?
His births as good as yours, and ſo's his face:
Put off your Iengle, Iangles, and be not as faire,
He ſhall renounce it, fore this Audience,
Put off your cloathes, and you are like a *Banbery* cheeſe,
Nothing but paring: why ſhould you be proud,
And looke on none but Weathercocks forſooth?
O you ſhall haue a thouſand pound a yeare!

Bar

Bar Ladie thats a bumming ſound. But harke,
Wilt therefore be a ſlaue, vnto a ſlaue,
One thats a bound Rogue vnto Ignorance?
Well thou'lt ſerue to make him gellide broaths,
And ſcratch his head, and may be now and then
Heele ſlauer thee a kiſſe. Plague on ſuch mariages.

Came. Rude vnciuile Clowne.

Pla. Tut raile not at me, turn your eie vpõ the leproſie of your own iudgement, loath it, hate it, ſcorn it, and loue this yong Gentleman, who is a Foole in nothing but in louing thee: madde in nothing but affecting thee: and curſt in eternitie if he marry thee.

Ca. Sir you ha ſpoke exceeding pleaſingly,
For which I loue you, as I loue a dull dead eye.
Brabant I do coniure thee Court not mee,
Do not preſume to loue or fancie mee.

Bra. Iu. How not preſume to loue or fancie you?
Hart, I will loue you, by this light I will
Whether you will or no, I'le loue you ſtill.
Spight of your teeth I will your loue purſue,
I will by heauen, and ſo ſweet ſoule adieu.

Exit Bra. Iunior.

Ca. Farewell; and neuer view my face againe.

Exit Camelia.

Pla. Harke you faire *Winifride*, ſweet gentle maide,
I haue but fained with you all this while,
I doate vpon the ſweet *Camelia*,
And if your fauour will but ſecond me,
I vowe when I ſhall wed *Camelia*,
To indowe you with a hundred pound a yeare,
And what I haue ſhall ſtand at your commaund.

Win. Sir I wil vndertake to forward your faire loue,
So you'le remember what you here do vowe.

Pla.

Pla. If I forget it, heauen forget mee:
Do you but praiſe me, let not her once know
I loue, or do affect her for the world. (Sir.
Wini. Well feare no rubbes, farwell faire bounteous
Exit Winifride.
Pla. It workes, it workes, magnificent delight,
Laughter, triumph, for ere the Sunne go downe,
Thy forehead ſhall be wreath'd, with pleaſures crowne.
Exit Planet.
Enter Paſquil at one doore, and his Page at the other.
Paſ. Now my kinde Page, canſt thou nor heare, nor
Which way my *Katherine* hath bent her ſteppes? (ſee,
Page. Sir I can.
Paſ. What canſt thou my ſweet Page?
What canſt thou Boy?
Oh how my ſoule doth burne in longing hope,
And hangs vpon thy lippes for pleaſing newes.
Page. Sir I can tell ye. (feare.
Paſ. What? ô how my hart doth quake & throb with
Page. Sir I can tell you nothing of her in good faith.
Paſ. Oh thou haſt tortur'de me with lingring hope,
Go haſte away, flie from the peſtilence
Of my contagious griefe, it will infect thee boy,
Murder thy youth, and poiſon thy lifes ioy.
Run ſearch out *Katherine*, in her eies dwell
Heauens of ioy: but in *Paſquil* hell.
Oh thou omnipotent, infinitie,
Crack not the ſinewes of my patience
With racking torment: Inſiſt not thus to ſcourge
My tender youth with ſharpe affliction,
If I do loue that glorie of thy hand,
That rich *Idea* of perfection,
With any luſtfull or prophane intent,

Croſt

Croſt be my loue, murdred be all my hopes:
But if with chaſte and vertuous arme I clip
The rareſt modell of thy workemanſhip,
Be then propitious: ô eternall light,
And bleſſe my fortunes, maugre helliſh ſpight.

Enter Katherine in a petticoate.

Ka. Black ſorrow, nurſe of plaints, of teares, & grones,
Evaporate my ſpirit with a ſigh,
That it may hurrey after his ſweete breath,
Who made thee doate on life, now hunt for death.

Paſ. What ſoule is that, that with her teare-full eies
Seemes to lament with me in miſeries?

Ka. Here ſeemes to be the preſſure of his truncke,
Deare earth confirme my doubt, was this the place
Which the faire bodie of my *Paſquil* preſt,
When he laie murdred? See the drooping graſſe
Hangs downe his mourning head, and ſeemes to ſay
This was the fatall place, where *Paſquil* lay.
Oh thou ſweet print, ſtampt by the faireſt limbes,
The richeſt Coffin of the pureſt ſoule
That euer preſt the boſome of the earth,
Firſt drinke my teares, and next ſucke vp my blood.
Now thou immortall ſpirit of my Loue,
Thou pretious ſoule of *Paſquil* view this knife
Which once thou gaueſt me, and prepare thy arme
To clip the ſpirit of thy conſtant Loue.
Deare *Ned* I come, by death I will be thine,
Since life denies it to poore *Katherine*.

She offers to ſtabbe her ſelfe.

Paſ. Hold, hold, thou miracle of conſtancie,
Firſt let heauen periſh, and the crazde world runne
Into firſt *Chaos* of confuſion,
Before ſuch cruell violence be done

To her faire breaſt, whoſe fame by vertue wonne,
Shall honour women whilſte there ſhines a ſunne.
Kathe. Thrice ſacred ſpirit, why doſt thou forſake
Elizeum pleaſures, to withhold the arme
Of wretched *Katherine?* Oh let me die,
Retire ſweete Ghoaſt, do not pollute thy hand
With touch of mortalls.
Paſ. Amazement of thy Sex, *Paſquill* doth liue,
And liues to loue thee in eternitie.
Be not agaſt, recouer ſpirit, (Sweete)
Tis *Paſquill* ſpeakes, tis *Paſquill* clips thy waſte,
Tis *Paſquill* prints a kiſſe on thy faire hand.
Ka. What do I dreame? or haue I drawne the ſluce
Of life vp? and through ſtreames of bloud
Vnfelt, haue ſet my priſoned ſoule at large?
Am I in heauen? or in *Paſquills* Armes?
I am in heauen, for my *Neds* embrace
Is *Katherines* long wiſh'd celeſtiall place.
Paſ. Diuinitie of ſweetneſſe, I proteſt,
If theſe inferiour Orbs were rowled vp,
And the imperiall heauen bar'd to my view,
Twere not ſo gracious, nor ſo much deſir'd,
As my deare *Katherine* is to *Paſquills* ſight.
Ka. Heauen of Content, *Paphos* of my delight.
Paſ. Mirrour of Conſtancie, life-bloud of loue.
Ka. Center to whom all my affections moue.
Paſ. Renown of Virgins, whoſe fame ſhal ne're fleet.
Ka. Oh I am maz'd with ioy, I pree thee ſweete,
Vnfold to me, what ſad miſchaunce it was,
Forc'd thy deaths rumour, and ſuch woes diſperc'd:
Sad ſorrow paſt, delights to be reheaſed.
Paſ. It will be tedious, but in breefe thinke thus,
Old *Mamons* malice was the venombd foame,

That

That poiſoned all the ſweets of our content.
Kathe. Alas deare heart, that loue ſhould be ſo croſt.
Now good *Ned* fetch my gowne, tis at yon houſe,
I would be loth to turne to *Hygate* thus. (uice.
Paſ. I am oblig'de with infinit reſpect, to do you ſer-
Oh power diuine, was euer ſuch a loue as *Katherine?*
Ent. Ma. Looke *Mamon*, ſearch *Mamon*, this way ſhee
Put on thy ſpectacles, this way ſhe went: (went,
Bleſt, bleſt, bleſt, be thy natiuitie,
Yonder ſhe ſits, Ile either haue her now,
Or none ſhall e're enioy her with content.
Ka. How loues impatient, when will *Ned* returne?
Ma. Tut, tis no matter when, looke where thy *Mamõ* is.
Ka. Good diuel, for Gods ſake do not vexe my ſight:
Didſt not thou plot the death of my deare Loue?
Ma. Yes, yes, and wold complot ten thouſand deaths,
Euen damne my ſoule, for beauteous *Katherine.*
My ſhip ſhall kemb the Oceans curled backe
To furniſh thee with braue Abiliaments,
Rucks of rich Pearle, and ſparkling Diamonds
Shall fringe thy garments with Imbroadry:
Thy head ſhall blaze as bright with Orient ſtone,
As did the world being burnt by *Phaeton.*
Ka. You make me death, for pitties ſake forbeare:
Oh when will *Paſquil* come? Good Sir depart.
When wilt returne? I pray you Sir goe hence,
And troth, I will not hate you: nay I'le ſpeake
Againſt my heart, and ſay I loath you not.
You vexe my patience, gentle ſir forbeare,
I begge it on my knee, and with a teare.
Mam. Tut will you loue me, and deteſt yon boy?
Ka. Heauen deteſt me firſt, and loathe my ſoule.
Mam. Is it your finall reſolution?

Ka. God knowes it is. So good Sir reſt content.
Mam. I, I will reſt, and thou ſhalt reſt thus blur'd,
Thus poyſond; venomde with this oyle of Toades:
If *Mamon* cannot get thee, none ſhall ioy
Which he could not enioy. I feare no lawe,
Gold in the firmeſt conſcience makes a flawe.
Rot like to *Helen*: *Spittle* hence, adiew,
Let *Paſquil* boaſt in your next interview.
Ka. Be pittifull and kill me gentle Sir.
Heauen my heart is crackt with miſerie:
Where ſhall I hide me? which way ſhall I cleanſe
The eating poyſon of this venomde oyle?
Poore wretch (alas) ſee where thy *Paſquil* comes.
Paſ. Here Loue put on your gown How now? good
Heauē giue me patiēce: who hath vſ'd thee thus? (God,
Ka. The diuel in the ſhape of *Mamon*. Sweet
Touch me not. *Paſquil* I coniure thee now
By all the power of affection,
By that ſtrickt bond of loue that lincks our hearts,
Leaue and abandon me eternally.
I merit now no loue, yet prethee ſweet,
Vouchſafe to giue me leaue to loue thee ſtill.
But I do binde thee by thy ſacred vowe
Of our once happie, and thrice bleſſed loue,
Follow not *Katherine*: good *Ned*, doo not greeue,
In time iuſt heauen may our woes releeue.

Exit Katherine.

Paſ. furens. O dira fata, ſæua, miſeranda, horida
Quis hic Locus? quæ Regio? quæ Mundi plaga?
Vbi ſum? Katherina, Katherina, *Eheu* Katherina.

Enter Mamon.

Mam. My Spectacles will betraie mee, looke
Mamon, ſearch *Mamon*, here abouts they fell.

Paſ.

Paſ. Welcome *Erra Pater*, you that make Prognoſtications for euer. Where's you Almanacke?

Pulles his Indentures out of Mamons boſome.

Ma. Lorde bleſſe my Obligations, Lorde bleſſe my bonds, Lord bleſſe my Obligations. Alas, alas, alas.

Paſ. Let me ſee ſir now, when will true valour be at the full? Oh theres an oppoſition tis eclipſed, *Venus*, I *Venus* is mounted. Wheres the Goat now? Kembd, fine kemd. Oh heere are Dog daies, out vpont Dog dayes, Dog dayes, Dog dayes, out vpont.

He teares the Papers.

Mam. Alas my Obligations, my Bonds, my Obligations, my Bonds. Alas, alas, alas.

Paſ. *Katherina, Katherina, Ehew Katherina.*

Exit Paſquil.

Mam. Obligations, Obligations: Alas my Obligations, I am vndone, vndone, vndone.

Enter Flawne.

Flawne. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Mam. What ſir you for, you Dog, you Hounde, you Cruſt, whats beſt newes with you now? Out-alas my Obligations, my Bonds, I am vndon, vndon.

Flawne. Sir, the beſt newes is, your ſhip (the Hope-well) hath happt ill, returning from *Barbary*. Tis but ſunk, or ſo, not a ſcrap of goods ſau'de.

Mam. Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels, my noſe will rot off with griefe. O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt, I ſhall run mad, run mad, run mad.

Flawne. Amen, amen, amen. But theres other newes to comfort you withall ſir.

Mam. Lets heare them good *Flawne*. My ſhippe, my bonds, my bondes, my ſhip, I ſhall run mad vnleſſe thy good newes reclaime mee. Lets heare thy newes.

Flawne. Your houſe with all the furniture is burnt, not a ragge left, the people ſtand warming their handes at the fire, and laugh at your miſerie.

Mam. I defie heauen, earth and hell, renounce my noſe, plague, peſtilence, confuſion, famine, ſworde and fire, deuoure all, deuoure me, deuoure *Flawne*, deuoure all: bondes, houſe, and ſhip, ſhip, houſe, and bondes, Diſpaire, Damnation, Hell, I come, I come, ſo roome for *Mamon*, roome for Vſury, roome for thirtie in the hundred. I come, I come, I come.

Exit Mamon.

Flawne. Why me thinkes this is right now, Ile euen laie him vp in *Bedlame*, commit him to the mercie of the whip, the entertainment of bread and water, and the the ſting of a Vſurers Conſcience for euer.

Exit Flawne.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Drum and Winifride.

Drum. Truly Miſtreſſe *Winifride*, as I would be willing to be thankfull, and thankfull to finde you willing to proſtrate your faire partes to my pleaſure, ſo I hope you will remember your promiſe, and promiſe what you now remember, if you haue forgot, I would be glad to put you in minde of it.

Wini. Truly friend *Iohn*, as I would be loth to breake my promiſe, ſo I would be vnwilling to keepe my word to the diſhoneſting of my virginitie. Marry for a nights lodging or ſo, I wil not be ſtrait lac'd to my friend. Therfore thus it muſt be. To night I muſt lie at the Faime at *Holloway*, thither ſhall you be conueyed in this Sacke, & laid in my chamber, from whence you ſhall haue free acceſſe to the pleaſures of my priuate bed. *Drum.*

Drum. Well then bee conſtant *Winifride*, and you ſhall finde me faithfull *Iacke Drum*: and ſo taking leaue of your lippes, I betake me to the tuition of the Sacke.

Enter Twedle. *Exit Drum.*

Twe. Winifride my Miſtreſſe *Camelia* ſtaies for you to attend her to the Greene, I muſt go and clap my Tabers cheekes there, for the heauens I faith.

Wini. Stay a little heere, and if *Iohn ſo de king* come, giue him that Sack. Oh I could crack my Whalebones, breake my Buske, to think what laughter may ariſe from this. *Exit Winifride.*

Enter Mounſieur.

Moun. By my trot, dis loue is a moſt cleanly Ientleman, he is very full of ſhifte, de fine Vench, can inuent ten towſand, towſand trick to kiſſe a men (*hee*) ſee by gor ſhe ha keepe her word, ſhe is in de ſeck alreadie, hee, braue by gor, my blood das ſparkle in my veine for ioy. Metre *Timotty* you muſt giue me dat ſeck dere.

Timo. Owy da *Mounſieur*, that is well pronounced is it not?

Moun. Ritt, ritt, ritt, excellan: excellan: adew *Timothy*, me am almoſt burſt for ioy.

Exit Mounſieur.

Twe. Well, I know what the Wenches on the green are ſaying now, as well as if I were in their bellies, when will *Timothy* come, when wil honeſt *Timothy* approach, when will good *Timothy* drawe neare? Well Wenches now reioyce, for *Timothy Twedle* doth come.

Exit Twedle.

Enter Pla. Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Bra. Iu. Brother how like you of our moderne witts? How like you the new Poet *Mellidus*?

Bra. Sig. A ſlight bubling ſpirit, a Corke, a Huske.

Pla.

Pla. How like you *Muſus* faſhion in his carriage?

Bra.Sig. O filthily, he is as blunt as *Pawles*.

Bra.Iu. What thinke you of the Lines of *Decius*? Writes he not a good cordiall ſappie ſtile?

Bra.Sig. A ſurreinde laded wit, but a rubbes on.

Pla. Brabant thou art like a paire of Ballance, Thou wayeſt all ſauing thy ſelfe.

Br.Sig. Good faith, troth is, they are all Apes & gulls, Vile imitating ſpirits, dry heathy Turffes. (erres.

Bra.Iu. Nay brother, now I thinke your iudgement

Pla. Erre, he cannot erre man, for children & fooles ſpeake truthe alwaies.

Enter Mounſieur with a Sacke, and Iack Drum in it.

Bra.Sig. See who comes yonder ſweating with a pack.

Pla. Mounſieur, what do you beare there ha?

Moun. Pree you away, you breake my glaſſes der, Ieſhu, now mee know not what to doe, Zot dat I was to come dis way widd dem.

Pla. Glaſſes you ſalt rheume, come what ha you there?

Moun. Trike no more for Ieſhu ſake, by gor mee haue brittle vare, if you knock it, it will break preſant, pre you (adieu.

Br.Iu. We muſt know whats in the bag Ifaith.

Moun. By my trot, mee tell you true, will you no trike me den?

Bra.Iu. No faith, but ſee you tell vs true, or elſe.

Moun. Or els, or els by gor, do wat you pleaſe wid me: Sweet *Vinifride*, my verie art dus vurſt, he by gor, me did not dink to vrong yow dus: come out ſweet *Vinifrid*, me much diſcredit yow.

He *Iack Drum.* Ieſu vat made you dere?

Drum. Gentlemen my M. deſires you to come ſupp with him, I was ſent to inuite you, and this itching goat, would needs eaſe my legges & carry me: I hope you'le come,

come,and ſo I take my leaue. I, I am guld, but if I quit her not, well. *Exit Drum.*

Bra.Sig. Come,there's ſome knot of knauery in this

Pla. His culler is not currant,wel,let paſſe. (tricke.

Bra.Sig. Come *Mounſieur*, come, Ile helpe you to a Go downe the hill before,Ile follow you. Wench,

Moun. Me dank you : Mor deu, he mon a mee, me ame trooke dead wit greife, de cock of my humore is downe,and me may hang my ſelfe vor a Vench.

Exit Moun.

Bra.Sig. Gentlemen will you laugh hartily now?

Pla. I,and if thou wilt play the foole kindly now.

Bra.Sig. I wil ſtrait frame the ſtrongeſt eternall Ieſt
That e're was builded by Inuention :
My wife lies verie priuate in the Towne,
I'le bring the French man to her preſently,
As to a looſe laſciuious Curtezan :
Nor he,nor you,nor ſhe,ſhall know the reſt,
But it ſhall be immortall for a Ieſt.

Exit Bra.Sig.

Bra.Iu. Farwel brother,we ſhal meet at *Hygate* ſoone.

Pla. The wicked Ieſt be turnde on his owne head,
Pray God he may be kindly Cuckoled.

Exeunt both.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Came. Carry this fauour to my *Ellis* ſtraight,
I long to ſee him,preethe bid him come.

Wini. I would be loth to nouriſh your defame,
And therefore Miſtreſſe pray you pardon me.

Came. What is thy iudgement of my *Ellis* chandge?

Wini. No that is firme : but your eſtate is changde.
You know your ſiſter's ſtraungely vaniſhed,
And now the hope and revenue of all,

Calls you his ſole, and faire apparant heire:
Now therefore would I haue you chaunge your loue.
Indeed I yeeld tis moderne policie,
To kiſſe euen durt that plaiſters vp our wants.
I'le not denie, tis worthy wits applauſe,
For women on whom lowring Fortune ſquints,
And caſts but halfe an eye of due reſpect,
To pinne ſome amorous Idiot to their eyes,
And vſe him as they vſe their Looking-glaſſe,
See how to adorne their beauties by his wealth,
And then caſe vp the foole and lay him by.
But for ſuch Ladies as your ſelfe is now,
Whoſe fortunes are ſuſtaind by all the proppes
That gracious Fortune can aduance you with,
For ſuch a one to yoake her free ſweet youth
Vnto a Lowne, a Dane-like barbarous Sot,
A guilden Trunchion, fie, tis ſlauiſh vile.
Oh what is richer then content in loue?
And will you now hauing ſo huge a Ruck
Of heap'd vp fortunes, goe and chaine your ſelfe
To a dull poſt, whoſe verie eies will blaze
His baſe bred ſpirit, where ſo e're he comes,
And ſhame you with the verie name of wife.
No Miſtris, no, I haue found out a man
That merits you, if man can merit you.

Came. Lord what a tide of hate comes creeping on
Vpon my former iudgement? Come, the man?

Wini. The man? (oh God) the man is ſuch a man,
That he is matchleſſe: oh, I ſhall prophane
His name, with vnreſpected vtterance.

Ca. Oh thou torment'ſt me, deare *Winifride* the man?

Wi. By the ſweet pleaſures of an amorous bed,
I thinke you will be deified by him.

O God

O God the moſt accompliſh'd man that breathes,
And *Planet* is the man.

Came. Out on the diuell, theres a man indeed.

Wini. Nay looke you now, you'le ſtraight oreſhoot
You'le ſay hee's ſowre and vnſociable: (your ſelfe,
Tuſh you know him not, that humor's forc'd:
But in his natiue ſpirit hee's as kinde
As is the life of loue. And then the cleareſt skinne,
The whiteſt hand, the cleaneſt wel ſhap'd legge:
The quickeſt eye: Fie, fie, I ſhall but blurre
And ſulley his bright worth with my rude ſpeech.

Came. Well, if he court me, Ile not be much coy.

Wi. Court you? nay you muſt court him for ought I know:
You muſt not think forſoothe, that I am feed
To vrge you thus. I ſolemnly proteſt,
I motion this out of my pure vowed loue,
Which wiſheth all aduancement and content
To attend the glory of your beautious youth.

Ca. O I am *Planet* ſtricken *Winifride*,
How ſhall I intimate my loue to him?

Wi. I ſawe him comming vp the hill euen now,
Send him a fauour, and Ile beare it to him,
And tell him you deſire to ſpeake with him.

Exit Winifride.

Ca. Do, do, deare *Winifride*, ſweet wench make haſte.

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, and Iohn Ellis, with a Paper in his hand.

Ellis. Sir, I haue her good will, and pleaſe you now to giue me your conſent, and looke you Sir, here I haue Item'd forth what I am worth.

Sir Ed. Tuſh ſhewe me no Items, and ſhee loue you, a Gods name: Ile not bee curſt by my daughter for

forcing her to clip a loath'd, abhorred match: and ſee how fortunate we are; Looke where ſhee ſtands.

Came. Sweet *Planet*, thou onely gouernſt mee.

Sir Ed. Daughter giue mee your hand, with your conſent, I giue you to this Gentleman.

Ca. Marry phoh, wil you match me to a foole?

Sir Ed. God pardon me, not I: why M. *Ellis* ha? Had you her conſent, ſpeake freely man?

El. Indeed law now, I thought ſo: by my troth You ſed you lou'de me, that you did indeed.

Ca. I as my foole, my Idiot to make ſport.

Sir Ed. Fie daughter, you are too plaine with him. Alas my ſonne *Similie* is out of countenance.

El. Truly as a Mill-horſe, is not a horſe Mill, and as a Cart Iade, is not a Iade Cart, euen ſo will I go hang my ſelfe.

Sir Ed. Mary godforbid, what frolick, frolick man, weele haue a Cup of Sack and Sugar ſoone, ſhall quite expell theſe muſtie humours of ſtale melancholy.

Enter Paſquil and a Countrey Wench, with a Basket of Egges.

Paſ. Is this the Egge where *Caſtor* and *Pollux* bred? Ile crack the Baſtard in the verie ſhell.

Coun. Mayd. Alas my markets, my markets are cleane ſpoilde. *Exit Wench.*

Paſ. Vbi Hellena, vbi Troia, iſt not true my *Ganimede*, When ſhall old *Saturne* mount his Throane againe? See, ſee, alas how bleake *Religion* ſtands. *Katherina*, *Katherina*, you damned *Titanoies*, Why prick you heauens ribbes with blaſphemie? *Python* yet breathes, old gray hayr'd pietie.

Sir Ed. Alas kind youth, how came he thus diſtraught?

Page. I left him in purſuite of *Katherine*,
And found him in this ſtraunge diſtemperature.
Paſ. O Sir, iſt you that ſtampe on litrature?
You are inſpired you with Propheſie.
El. Not I, as I ſhall be ſau'd, I am M. *Iohn Eliis* I.
Sir Ed. Come, come, lets intice him by ſome good (meanes,
Ile labour to reclaime him to his witts.
O now my daughter *Katherine* remembers me,
Where art thou girle? heauen giue me patience.
Paſ. Poore, poore *Aſtrea*, who blurs thy orient ſhine?
Come yons the Capitoll of *Iupiter*,
Letts whip the Senate, els they will not leaue
To haue their Iuſtice blaſted with abuſe
Of flattering *Sycophants*. Come lets mount the Starres,
Reuerend antiquitie go you in firſt----
Dotage will follow. Then comes pale fac'de Luſt----
Next *Sodome*, then *Gomorha*, next poore I,
By heauen my heart is burſt with miſerie. *Exit Paſ.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Mounſieur and the Page.

Moun. I ha tell yow de very trote of the lagg Ieſt, by gor your England Damoſells are ſo feere, ſo vittie, ſo kitt, by my trote ſhee toſſe me wiſh vey ſhee pleaſe der: but pre yow were is de Vench? Is dis de houſe? Ha is dis de houſe, pre yow tell me ha?

Bra.Sig. It is, it is, and ſhee is in the Inner Chamber: Boy call her foorth. *Exit* Page.

Moun.Sings. By gor den me muſt needs now ſing,
Ding, ding, a ding, Dinga, dinga, ding,
For me am now at pleaſures ſpring.
Dinga, ding, ding, dinga, dinga, dinga, ding,
And a hee da vench, da vench, da veneh,
Which muſt my bruling humor quench. Coma, coma, coma.

Enter Miſtreſſe Brabant.

Miſt.Bra. Now ſweet,you kept your promiſe wel laſt (night.

Moun. By gor ſhe giue him much kind word alreády.

Bra.Sig. Well to make thee amends , boy fetch vs a quart of *Canary* Sack.Prythee *Mall* entertain this French Gentleman.

Miſt.Bra. Sir you are verie welcome to my Lodging.

Moun. Me danck you,and firſt mee kiſſe your fingre, next mee buſſe your lip,and laſt mee clip your vaſte,and now foutra for de *Viniſride.*

Page. Sir *Edwards* Caterer paſſed by ſir,you wild me to remember Lemmons.

Bra.Sig. Gods pretious tis true : Boy goe with me to Billings-gate. *Mall* I'le returne ſtraight.

Exit Bra.Sig.and his Page.

Moun. Will yow no Vin ſir,hee,he is gone purpoſely, by my trote moſt kind Gentleman. Faire Madame pree yow pittie mee, by Gor mee languiſh for your loue,me am a pouera French Ientleman, pree you ſhew me your bed-Chambre.

Miſt.Bra. What mean you ſir,by this ſtrange paſſion?

Moun. Nay noting, by Gor damoſell, you be ſo faer, ſo admirably feer, fleſh and bloud cannot endure your countenance,mee brule,ang mee brule, ang yow ha no compaſſion, by gor me ang quite languiſh. Laſt night me goe to bedd,ang me put de candle behinde me,and by my trote me ſee cleane torough me. Me ang ſo drye, me put a cold plattre at my backe, and my back melt de plattre quite,do ſo burne. Pree you ſhew mee your bed Chambre, mee will be ſecrete conſtant: I loue you vnreaſonably well,vnreaſonably well by gor.

Miſt.Bra. In faith you make me bluſh, what ſhould I ſay?

Moun.

Moun. Say no, ang take it: Or arke you one ting, Say neder yea nor no, but take it, ang ſay noting.

Miſt. Bra. You will be cloſe and ſecret?

Moun. Secred, by gor as ſecred as your ſowle, me wil tell noting, poſſible.

Miſt. Bra. Well Sir, if it pleaſe you to ſee my Chamber, tis at your ſeruice. *Exit Miſt. Brabant.*

Moun. Hee now me ang braue *Mounſieur*, by gor ang me had know dis, mee woode haue eate ſome Potatos, or Ringoe: but vell: hee. Me will tanck Metre *Brabant* vor dis, by gor me am caught in heauen bliſſe.

Exit Mounſieur.

Enter Camelia and Winifride, hanging on Planets armes.

Ca. Oh too vnkind, why doeſt thou ſcorne my loue?
Shee that with all the vehemence of ſpeech
Hath bene purſued, and kneeled too for loue,
Proſtrates her ſelfe, and all her choyceſt hopes,
As lowe as to thy feete, diſdaine me not,
To ſcorne a Virgin, is mans odious blot.

Pla. To ſcorne a man, is Virgins odious blot.
Wert thou as rich as is the Oceans wombe,
As beautious as the glorious frame of heauen,
Yet would I loath thee worſe then varniſht skulles,
Whoſe ryuels are dawbd vp with plaiſtering painte.

Came. O Rockie ſpirit.

Pla. Breathe not in vaine, I hate thy flatterings,
Deteſt thy pureſt elegance of ſpeech,
Worſe then I do the Croaking of a Toade.

Wini. Sweete Gentleman.

Pla. Peace you Rebato pinner, Poting-ſticke,
You bribde corrupters of affection:

I hate

I hate you both, by heauen I hate her more
Then I do loue my ſelfe. Hence packe, away,
I'le ſooner doate vpon a bleare-eide Witch,
A ſapleſſe Beldame, then Ile flatter thee.
Came. Be not too cruell ſweet *Planet*, deare relent,
Compaſſionate my amorous languiſhment.
Pla. Ha, ha, I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, Cry,
Whilſte I behold thee with a loathing eye:
And laugh to ſee thee weepe.
Came. Looke, on my knees I creepe,
Be not impenetrable beautious youth,
But ſmile vpon me, and Ile make the aire
Court thy choyce eare with ſoft delicious ſounds.
Bring forth the Violls, each one play his part,
Muſick's the quiuer of young *Cupids* dart.
The Song with the Violls.
Pla. Out *Syren*, peace ſcritch-owle, hence chattering (Pye,
The blackt beakt night Crow, or the howling Dog,
Shall be more gratious then thy ſqueaking voice:
Go ſing to M. *Iohn*. I ſhall be blunt
If thou depart not, hence, go mourne and die,
I am the ſcourge of light inconſtancie.
Exit Camelia and Winifride.
Thus my deare *Brabant*, am I thy reuenge,
And whip her for the peeuiſh ſcorne ſhe bare
To thy weake yonger birth: ô that the ſoules of men
Were temperate like mine, then Natures painte
Should not triumph o're our infirmities.
I do adore with infinit reſpect,
Weomen whoſe merit iſſues from their worth
Of inward graces, but theſe rotten poaſts
That are but guilt with outward garniſhment,

O how

O how my ſoule abhorres them. Yons my friend,

Enter Brabant Iunior.

I will conceale what I for him haue wrought,
Nice Iealouſie miſtakes a friendly part:
Now *Brabant* wheres thy elder brother ha?
What hath he built the left with *Mounſieur* yet?

Bra.Iu. Faith I know not, but I heard he left the French-man with his wife.

Pla. Knew ſhe thy brothers meaning?

Bra.Iu. Not a whit, ſhee's a meere ſtraunger to this merriment.

Pla. Hit and be luckie, ô that twere lawfull now
To pray to God that he were Cuckoled.
Deare *Brabant* I do hate theſe bumbaſte wits,
That are puft vp with arrogant conceit
Of their owne worth, as if *Omnipotence*
Had hoyſed them to ſuch vnequald height,
That they ſuruaide our ſpirits with an eye
Only create to cenſure from aboue,
When good ſoules they do nothing but reproue.
See where a Shallop comes. How now, what newes?

Enter Winifride, and whiſpers with Planet.

Bra.Iu. What might this meane, that *Winifrid* ſalutes
The blunt tongu'de *Planet*, with ſuch priuate ſpeech?
See with what vehemence ſhe ſeemes to vrge
Some priuate matter. *Planet* is my friend,
And yet the ſtrongeſt linke of friendſhip's ſtrainde,
When female loue puts to her mightie ſtrength.
Marke, Marke, ſhe offers him *Camelias* ſcarfe:
Now on my life tis ſo: *Planet* ſupplants my Loue.

Pla. Friend I muſt leaue thee, preethee pardon mee,
Weele meete at ſupper ſoone with the good knight.

Exeunt Pla. and Winifride.

Bra.Iu. I, I, content: ô hell to my delight,
My friend will murder me, thin Cobweb Lawne
Burſt with each little breath of tempting ſweets.

Winifride ſpeakes from within.

She intreats you M. *Planet*, to meete
Her at the Croſſe ſtile.

Bra.Iu. Ha, at the croſſe ſtile, well I'le meet him there.
He that's perfidious to me in my loue,
Confuſion take him, and his bloud be ſpilt
Without confuſion to the murderer.

Exit Brabant.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Enter Bra.Iu. and his Page, charging a Piſtoll.

Bra.Iu. So loade it ſoundly, murders great with me,
Goe Boy, diſcharge it, euen in *Planets* breſt,
Shoot him quite through, & through, thou canſt not ſin
To murder him, that murdered his deare friend
With damned breach of friendſhip, when he is ſlaine
Bring me his Cloake and Hat, here I will ſtay
To be imbrac'de in ſteed of *Planet*: goe, away. *Exit Boy.*
I had rather die with blood vpon my head,
Shame and reproach clogging my heauie houre,
Then t'haue my friend ſtill wounding of my ſoule
With reprobate Apoſtaciſme in loue.
O this Sophiſticate friendſhip, that diſſolues
With euery heate of Fancie, let it melt
Euen in Hells Forge. Harke, the Piſtoll is diſcharg'de,
The Act of gory murder is performd'e.
Haue mercie heauen: ô my ſoule is rent

Enter

Enter the Page.

With *Planets* wound. Come Boy the Hat and Cleake,
Go poſte to *Scotland*, there are crownes for thee,
Leaue *Brabant* vnto death, and obloquie.

Exit Page.

Why now the vlcerous ſwelling of my hate
Is broken forth: Oh that theſe womens beauties,
This Natures witchcraft, ſhould inchaunt our ſoules
So infinitely vnrecouerable,
That Hell, death, ſhame, eternall infamy,
Cannot reclaime our deſperate reſolues,
But we will on ſpight of damnation.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Come ye poore garments of my murdered friend,
Mourne that you are compeld to hide his limbes
That ſlew you Maiſter. See *Camelia* comes,
I'le ſtand thus muffled and deceiue her ſight,
When loue makes head, friendſhip is put to flight.

Came. Perſiſt not ſtill, ô thou relentleſſe youth
To ſcorne my loue: what tho I ſcorn'd thy friend,
Do not vpbrayd me ſtill with hating him,
Do not ſtill view me with a loathing eye.
For *Brabants* ſake, do you but loue me ſweet,
And Ile not ſcorne him. Why ſhouldſt be ſo nice
In keeping lawes of friendſhip? didſt thou e're heare
Of any ſoule that held a friend more deare,
Then a faire woman?

Bra. lu. O the ſting of death, how hath *Brabant* err'd!
Hence thou vile wombe of my damnation,
Oh thou wrong'd ſpirit of my murdred friend,
Thou guiltleſſe, ſpotleſſe, pure Immaculate,

Behold this arme thruſting ſwift vengeance
Into the Trunck of a curſt damnde wretch.

He drawes his Rapier.

Wini. Heele ſpoile himſelfe, lets run & call for helpe.

Exit Camel. and Wini.

Bra. Iu. Now haue I roome for murder, this vaſte
Huſh'd ſilence, and dumb ſollitude, are fit (place,
To be obſeruers of my Tragedie.
Planet accept the ſmoake of reeking bloud
To expiate thy murder. Friend I come,
Weele troope together to *Elizium.*

Enter Sir Edward, Camelia, Winifride, Ellis, Brabant Sig. Twedle, Drum, and others.

Sir Ed. Hold hairbrainde youth, what miſchiefe maddes thy thoughts?

Bra. Iu. Forbeare good knight, you neuer ſinn'd ſo deepe,
As in detaining this iuſt vengeance
To light vpon me, but know I will die,
I haue infring'de the lawes of God and Man,
In ſheading of my *Planets* guiltles blood,
Who I ſuppoſde corryuald me in loue
Of that *Camelia*, but iniuriouſly:
And therefore gentle knight, let mine owne hand
Be mine owne hangman.

Bra. Sig. Brother I'le get you pardon, feare it not.

Bra. Iu. You'le get my pardon, brother pardon mee,
You ſhall not, for Ile die in ſpight of thee.

Sir Ed. I am turnde wilde in wonder of this act.

Enter

Enter Planet and the Page.

Pla. Come *Brabant* come, giue me my Cloak & Hat,
The euenings rawe and danke, I ſhall take cold.
How now? turnd mad, why ſtar'ſt thou on me thus?.
Giue me my Cloake. Hart is the youth diſtraught?

Bra.Iu. Ha, doeſt thou breathe, lets ſee where is thy wound?

Pla. Doeſt breathe, my wounde, what doeſt thou meane by this?

Page. Gentlemen I can direct you forth
This Laborinth of intricate miſdoubts,
My M. will'd me kill that Gentleman,
Now I thought he was mad in putting me
To ſuch an enterpriſe, and therefore ſooth'd him vp,
With I ſir, yes ſir, and ſo ſir, at each word,
Whilſte he would ſhow me how to hold the Dagge,
To drawe the Cock, to charge, and ſet the flint,
Meane time I had the wit to thinke him madde,
And therefore went, and as he will'd me ſhot,
Which he God knows, thought pearc'd his deer friends
Then went & borrowed that ſame Hat & cloake (hart,
Of M. *Planet*, brought them to my Maiſter,
And ſo.

Pla. No more, no more, knight I wil make thee ſmile
When I diſcourſe how much my friend hath err'd.

Sir Ed. I will diſſolue and melt my ſoule to night,
In influent laughter. Come my Iocund ſpirit
Preſageth ſome vnhopte for happineſſe:
Wee'l crowne this euening with triumphant ioy,
Ile ſup vpon this Greene, heer's roome enough
To drawe a liberall breath, and laugh aloud:

Drum fetch the Table: *Twedle* ſcoure your Pipe,
For my old bones will haue a Rownd to night.
Now by my troth and I had thought ont too,
I would haue had a play: Ifaith I would.
I ſawe the Children of *Powles* laſt night,
And troth they pleaſde mee prettie, prettie well,
The Apes in time will do it hanſomely.

Pla. Ifaith I like the Audience that frequenteth there
With much applauſe: A man ſhall not be choakte
With the ſtench of Garlicke, nor be paſted
To the barmy Iacket of a Beer-brewer.

Bra.Iu. Tis a good gentle Audience, and I hope the
Will come one day into the Court of requeſts. (Boyes

Bra.Sig. I and they had good Playes, but they pro-
Such muſtie fopperies of antiquitie, (duce
And do not ſute the humorous ages backs
With cloathes in faſhion.

Pla. Well *Brabant* well, you will be cenſuring ſtill,
There lyes a Ieſt in ſteep will whip you fort't.

Sir Ed. Gallants I haue no iudgement in theſe things,
But will it pleaſe you ſit? *Camelia*
Call theſe ſame Gentlemen vnto thee wench:
O there with thee my *Katherine* was wont
To ſit with gracefull preſence, well let't paſſe:
Fetch me a Cup of Sacke. Come Gallants ſit,
M. *Brabant*, M. *Planet*, I pray you ſit,
Young M. *Brabant*, and Gods pretious M. *Iohn*,
Sit all, and conſecrate this night to mirth.
Heere is old *Neds* place: Come, ſound Muſicke there,
What Gallants haue you ne're a Page can entertaine
This pleaſing time with ſome French brawle or Song?
What ſhall we haue a Galliard? troth tis well.

A Gal.

A Gallyard.

Good Boy Ifaith, I would thou had'ſt more roome.

Enter Katherine.

Ka. Once more the gratious heauens haue renewd
My waſted hopes, once more a bleſſed chaunce
Hath fetcht againe my ſpirit from the ſownd
And languiſhing diſpaire of happineſſe.
A skilfull Beldame with the Iuice of hearbes
Hath curde my face, and kild the venoms power,
And now if *Paſquil* liue and loue me ſtill,
Heauen is bounteous to poore *Katherine*.
Yon ſuppes my Father, but my *Ned* is not there,
I feare, and yet I know not what I feare.

Sir Ed. Gallants I drinke this to *Ned* Paſquils health.

Pla. Ifaith Ile pledge him, would he had his wits.

Sir Ed. And I my daughter. Fill me one Cup more,
No griefe ſo potent, but neat ſparkling wine
Can conquere him. Oh this is Iuice diuine. (feate

Ka. Would he had his wits. Oh what a numming
Strikes a cold palſey through my trembling blood.

Enter Paſquil madde.

Paſ. Vertue ſhall burſt ope the Iron gates of Hell,
Ile not be coop'd vp, roome for *Phaeton*.
Lame pollicy how vaſt thou goe vpright?
O Luſt, ſtaine not ſweet Loue. Fie be not loſt
Vpon the ſurge of vulgar humours. You Idiot,
Riuet my Armor, and Capariſon,
A mightie Centaure, for Ile run at Tilt,
And tumble downe yon Giant in the duſt.
Sit gentle Iudges of great *Radamant*,
Let not *Proſerpine* inlet thee. Oh ſhe's dead.
Now thou art right *Eacus*, I appeale to thee,
Haue pittie on a wretches miſerie.

Sir Ed.

Sir Ed. I am quite ſunck with griefe, what ſhall we do
To get recouery of his wittes againe?

Bra. Iu. Let Muſicke ſound, for I haue often heard
It hath ſuch ſweet agreement with our ſoules,
That it corrects vaine humours, and recalls
His ſtragling fancies to faire vnion.

Pla. Why the ſoule of man is nought but ſimphonies,
A ſound of diſagreeing parts, yet faire vnite
By heauens hand, diuine by reaſons light.

Sir Ed. Sound Muſicke, then pray God it take effect.

The Muſickes ſoundes, and Paſquils Eye is fixt vpon Catherine.

Bra. Iu. Mark with what paſſion he ſucks vp the ſweets
Of this ſame delicate harmonious breath.

Pla. Obſerue him well, me thinkes his eye is fixt
Vpon ſome obiect that ſeemes to attract
His verie ſoule forth with aſtoniſhment.
Marke with what vehemence his thoughts do ſpeake
Euen in his eies, ſome creature ſtands farre off,
That hath intranc'te him with a pleaſing ſight.

Paſ. Amazement, wonder, ſtiffe aſtoniſhment,
Stare and ſtand gazing on this miracle,
Perfection, of what e're a humane thought
Can reach with his diſcourſiue faculties,
Thou whoſe ſweet preſence purifies my ſence,
And doeſt create a ſecond ſoule in me,
Deare *Katherine*, the life of *Paſquils* hopes.

Ka. Deare *Paſquil*, the life of *Katherines* hopes.

Paſ. Once more let me imbrace the conſtant's one
That e're was tearmde her Sexe perfection.

Kathe.

Kathe. Once more let me be valued worth his loue,
In decking of whoſe ſoule, the graces ſtroue.
Paſ. Spight hath outſpent it ſelfe, and thus at laſt,
Both ſpeake.
We clip with ioyful arme each others waſt.
Sir Ed. O pardon me thou dread omnipotence,
I thought thou couldſt not thus haue bleſſed me.
O thou haſt deaw'd my gray haires with thy loue,
And made my old heart ſprout with fertill ioy.
Kathe. Forget deare father, that my act hath wrongd
The quiet of your age.
Sir Ed. No more, no more, I know what thou wold'ſt ſay
Daughter, there's nothing but ſaluation,
Could come vnto my heart more gratious
Then is the ſight of my deare *Katherine.*
Sonne *Paſquill* now, for thou ſhalt be my ſonne,
What frolicke gentle youth.
Paſ. Is *Mamon* heere?
Drum. Oh Sir, M. *Mamon* is in a Citie of *Iurye*, called *Bethlem, Alias* plaine *Bedlame:* the price of whips is mightily riſen ſince his braine was pitifully ouertumbled, they are ſo faſt ſpent vpon his ſhoulders.
Paſ. Oh ſacred heauens, how iuſt is thy reuenge?
Sir Ed. Why? did he caſt you in the laborinth
Of theſe ſtraunge croſſes?
Paſ. Yes honor'd knight, which in more priuate place
And fitter time, I will diſcloſe at large.
Came. Faith Siſter, as *I* am your elder borne,
So will *I* match before or with you ſure,
Young M. *Brabant?*
Bra. By this light not *I.*
Came. Honeſt M. *Ellis?*

Ellis. No indeed law, not I, I do not vſe to marrie:
For euen as blacke patches are worne,
Some for pride, ſome to ſtay the Rhewme, and
Some to hide the ſcab, euen ſo *Iohn Ellis*
Scorne her, that hath ſcorned him.

Came. Vertuous Maiſter *Planet*.

Pla. Errant wandring ſtarre we ſhall nere agree.

Ca. M. *Brabant*, M. *Planet*, M. *Ellis*, faith Ile haue any.

Sir Ed. But no bodie will haue thee, this is the plague of light inconſtancie.
Go *Twedle*, bid the Butler broach freſh wine,
Set vp waxe lights, and furniſh new the boords,
Knocke downe a ſcore of Beefes,
Inuite my neighbors ſtraight,
And make my Dreſſers grone with waight of meate.
M. *Ellis*, pray you let vs heare your high Dutch Song,
You are admired for it: Good lets heare it.

El. I do not vſe to ſing, and yet euen as when the skie falls we ſhall haue Larkes, euen ſo when my voice riſeth, you ſhall haue a Song.

He ſingeth, holding a Bowle of drinke in his hand.

The Song.

Giue vs once a drinke, for an the blacke Bowle,
Sing gentle Butler balley moy,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler balley moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke, for an the pinte Potte,
Sing gentle Butler balley moy, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the quart Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the quart, the pinte Pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke, for an the pottle Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once a drinke, for an the gallan Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once a drinke for an the Firkin,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once a drinke for an the Kilderkin,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For and the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke for an the Barrell,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke for an the Hoggeſhead,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Hoggeſhead, the Barrell, the Kilkerkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once a drinke for an the But,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the But, the Hoggeſhead, the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once ſome drink for an the Pipe,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Pipe, the But, the Hogeſhead, the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke for an the Tunne,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Tunne, the Pipe, the But, the the Hoggeſhead, the Barrell, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot, For an the black bowle.
Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Sir.Ed. Well done, Ifaith twas chaunted merrily:
What my Gallants,nere a tickæling Ieſt
To make vs ſowne with mirth ere we goe in?

Bra.Sig. Faith Gent.I ha brewed ſuch a ſtrong headed Ieſt
Will make you drunk,and reele with laughter:
You know *Mounſieur Iohn ſo de king?*

Sir.Ed. Very well,he read French to my daughters.

Bra.Sig. I to gull the Foole, haue brought him to my wife,as to a looſe laſciuious Curtezan, ſhe being a meer ſtraunger to the Ieſt, and there ſome three houres ago left him: but I am ſure ſhee hath ſo cudgeld him with quicke ſharpe Ieſts, and ſo batterd him with a volley of her wit,as indeed ſhe is exceeding wittie,and admirable chaſte, that in my conſcience heele neuer dare to court women more. Would to God he were returnd.

Enter Mounſieur.

Sir Ed. See euen on your wiſh hee's come.

Moun. Ieſu preſerue you ſweet Metre *Brabant*,by gor de moſt delicat plumpe vench dat euer mee tuche: mee am your ſlaue, your peaſaunt; by gor a votre ſeruice whil'ſte I liue vor dis.

Bra.Sig. He would perſwade you now that he toucht her, with an immodeſt hand. Ha, ha, ha.

Moun. Tuch her, by Gor mee tuch her, and tuch her, and mee tuch her,mee nere tuch ſuch a venche,de finea foote, de cleaneſt legge, de ſleekeſt skin: and mee tell e ſure token, ſhee hath de fineſt little varte you knowe veare: hee by Gor mee nere tuch ſuch a vench.

Sir Ed. Pray God hee haue not brew'd a headie Ieſt indeed.

Bra.Sig. Why faith Gentlemen I am Cuckolde, by this light I am.

Moun.

Moun. By gor mee no knowe, you tell a mee twas a Curtezan, prey you pardon mee, by my trote, me teche you French to t'end of de vorlde. (ronet

Pla. Come heer's thy Cap of Maintenance, the Co-
Of Cuckolds. Nay you ſhall weare it, or weare
My Rapier in your gutts by heauen.
Why doeſt thou not well deſerue to be thus vſde?
Why ſhould'ſt thou take felicitie to gull
Good honeſt ſoules, and in thy arrogance
And glorious oſtentation of thy wit,
Thinke God infuſed all perfection
Into thy ſoule alone, and made the reſt
For thee to laugh at? Now you Cenſurer
Be the ridiculous ſubiect of our mirth.
Why Foole, the power of Creation
Is ſtill Omnipotent, and there's no man that breathes
So valiant, learned, wittie, or ſo wiſe,
But it can equall him out of the ſame mould
Wherein the firſt was form'd. Then leaue proud ſcorne,
And honeſt ſelfe made Cuckold, weare the horne.

Bra. Sig. Weare the horne? I, ſpite of all your teethe
Ile weare this Crowne, and triumph in this horne.

Sir Ed. Why faith tis valorouſly ſpoke faire Sir,
Weel ſolemniſe your Coronation
With royall pompe. Now Gentlemen prepare
A liberall ſpirit to entertaine a Ieaſt,
VVhere free light Iocund mirth ſhall be enthroand
VVith ſumptuous ſtate. Now Muſicke beat the aire,
Intrance our thoughts with your harmonious ſounds,
Our *Fortune* laughes, and all content abounds.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

The names of all the men and Women, that Act this Play.

The Men.

1. *Sir Edward Fortune.*
2. *Brabant Signior, and his Page.*
3. *Brabant Iunior, and his Page.*
4. *Planet.*
5. *Puffe, and his Page.*
6. *Iohn Ellis.*
7. *Mamon the Vſurer, with a great noſe.*
8. *Flawne his Page.*
9. *Timothy Twedle.*
10. *Iacke Drum.*
11. *Paſquil.*
12. *Mounſieur.*

The Women.

1. *Katherine.*
2. *Camelia.*
3. *Winifride.*
4. *Market Woman.*

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM